

BASEBALL 1971

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 12, 1971 60¢ CENTS

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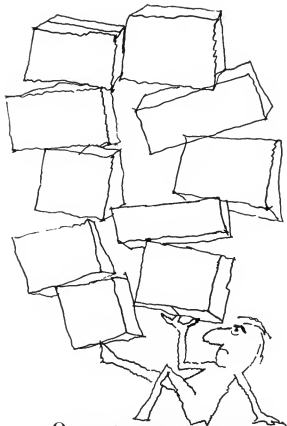
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THE FABLES AND FOIBLES OF NUMBER ONE

John Hertz laughed at the Wright brothers. And vice versa.



AS the story goes, John Hertz and the Wright brothers were boyhood friends. And when they traded dreams, as most young boys do, they all got a big laugh.

"Fly?" young Hertz would howl. "You're pulling my leg."

The brothers didn't do much to boost John's ego either. "Rent a what?" they used to quip.

You see, in those days the very idea of renting cars seemed as preposterous as building an airplane.

In the years that followed Orville and Wilbur made their historic flight at Kitty Hawk. And much to the awe of the Ameri-

can public, Hertz introduced Drive-Ur-Self.

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Which only goes to show how wrong the Wright brothers were about John Hertz. And vice versa.

Hertz

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YOU DON'T JUST RENT A CAR. YOU RENT A COMPANY.

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Next week

THE GREEN JACKET will be won by somebody, maybe Casper again, maybe Nicklaus, maybe even old Arnold. It's time for golf's storied Masters. A report by Dan Jenkins.

ALCWOOD ANALYZES all his play-off rivals, explains why the Bucks lost to the Knicks last year, describes the strategy they hope will prevail this time and picks his own All-Stars.

KING OF THE MOUNTAIN is a cliffhanging game played with fast cars and furious folklore at the Chumey Rock Hillclimb in the white-lightning region of western North Carolina.



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SHOPWALK

On the Scottish tale of Harris, almost everyone is part of the Tweed Ring

The island of Harris in Scotland's Outer Hebrides may be somewhat inaccessible, but Harris tweed, as the locals will proudly tell you, goes round the world—seven million yards of it every year. And every scrap is handwoven in tiny crofts (or farms) that nestle in the island's wild rock- and loch-strewn landscape, where smoke rises from peat fires and sheep graze on the heather hills.

Harris tweed is made from a mixture of blackface and Cheviot wool, carded in a way that traps air and gives it its characteristic warmth. Harris was famous for its tweed as early as 1500, when it was known as "Clo Mor," or great cloth. The wool was clipped from island sheep, scoured, dyed with local plants, hand-carded, hand-spun, hand-loomed, then shrunk, or "walked," by teams of women chanting special work songs.

The resulting tweed was so dense and thick that it had the ability to resist the nonstop drizzle the Highlanders like to call "soil" weather. During the Hungry '40s of the 19th century the crofters were near famine, and local lords tried exporting the tweed to help them earn a living. Their fame soon spread, and by 1909 a distinguishing mark was adopted to balk imitators. The Harris Orb has since become world-renowned and signifies a fabric "produced in Scotland . . . and handwoven by the Islanders at their own homes in the islands of Lewis, Harris, Uist, Barra and their several purlieus. . . ."

Nowadays there are some 1,500 weavers at work in the islands, but to prevent mass-production methods only one loom is allowed per croft. Some machine work is now done during the nonweaving steps: dyeing, spinning and working. A sportsman who wants a tweed entirely croft-made from shearing to sewing must track down one of the half a dozen women of Harris who still work in the old way. Mrs. Alex Macdonald in the village of Dornmhader is one of these. She is so skilled that she was chosen to weave a length for Queen Elizabeth II in 1939. If you don't find Mrs. Macdonald in her store, her kitchen or her weaving shed, you may glimpse her scrambling about the rocks of the loch's shore with a bucket and spoon, scraping off the gray rock lichen called crotle, which she uses to make dye for the deep-russet crotle tweed. She also makes up her own vegetable dyes: light yellow from iris root, deeper yellow from bog myrtle, blue from indigo, tawny brown from peat soil.

How fast can she get a tweed ready for you? It might be several months, perhaps a year or more. Next autumn's output is already accounted for to customers as far away as New Zealand. But leave your order. In due time she'll get to it, and for \$3.60 a yard you can afford to wait.

JANET GRAHAM



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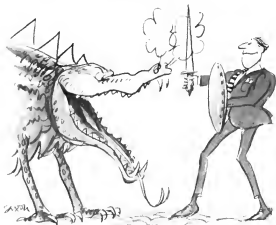
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BOOKTALK

How that salmon fishing is everybody's
dream, an expert offers a useful guide

Salmon fishing, once the private sport of a handful of grand old ladies and gentlemen with their own water on the Resogonche, has become more proletarian in recent years. The grande dames and gentlemen remain, but these days there are also a great many folks driving to Canada or flying to Norway to "kill" salmon. Indeed, the most enthusiastic salmon hunter I know is our sometime TV repairman, whose proclivity for this far-ranging sport explains a lot about his fees for house calls.

As the corps of salmon fishermen has grown, so has the need for a readable and authoritative guide. In this regard, Joseph D. Bates Jr. has done valuable service with his latest effort, *Atlantic Salmon Flies & Fishing* (Stackpole Books, \$14.95). Any fishing book by Bates is pretty sure to be a solid work, of course; his *Streamers Fly Time and Fishes* is a unique and important study. His newest book removes a lot of the hocus-focus from salmon fishing. He has a good deal to say in it about traditional salmon fly dressings, but a great deal more to offer on backtails, streamers, nymphs and the revolutionary hair-wing patterns. He conducts the reader on a no-nonsense tour of salmon rivers in North America and Europe, talks about the "new look" in tackle, discusses dry-fly and low water "tricks," and tops it all off with chapters on fly dressings from Maine to Spain.

A second and considerably revised edition of George W. Bennett's *Management of Lakes and Ponds* (Van Nostrand Reinhold, \$15.95) has just been published, and bass fishermen as well as scientists can benefit from it. Dr. Bennett is the head of the aquatic biology section of the Illinois Natural History Survey, and there probably is no one who knows more about black bass, sunfish, yellow perch and the rest of the so-called "warm water" species.

When John McDonald's *The Complete Fly Fisherman: The Notes and Letters of Theodore Gordon* appeared in 1947, it was hailed as a classic in angling literature. Gordon, who died in the Catskills in 1915, was the father of dry-fly fishing in America. The book was not long in going out of print and copies sold for as much as \$40. Now McDonald, an editor of *Fortune*, has assigned the copyright to The Theodore Gordon Flyfishers, Inc., c/o Colonel Henry A. Siegel, Goshen, Conn. 06756. A fine gift for Easter.

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Sometimes the bourbon has to be this good.

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

CONGRESS STRIKES OUT

As a predictable aftermath of the Frazier-Alì fight, shown in high-priced closed-circuit theaters instead of on "free" home television, politicians have moved into the act, weeping for the poor fan who could not afford a ticket. In the space of nine days Congress was presented with five bills whose intent was either to ban the showing of big sports events on closed-circuit TV or make them equally available to the networks for home showing. And on top of that, Representative Morris K. Udall of Arizona proposed that sports seasons be reduced in length so that baseball, football, basketball and hockey would not be constantly running into each other.

As to the proposals that television exclusivity of championship sports events be denied closed-circuit TV, Representative Torbert H. MacDonald of Massachusetts interjected a note of common sense.

"I think," he said, "that they [the Congressmen making the proposal] know more about sports than they do about the Communications Act."

A 1940 Harvard football captain himself, MacDonald noted that the Federal Communications Commission has little power to regulate programming of closed-circuit TV, which uses cables, not the licensed airwaves. The principal bill in this area would ban closed-circuit telecasts of sports events to paying audiences except when the FCC determines that the broadcasting of an event on home television is not commercially feasible. It seldom would be feasible. Closed circuit can easily outbid the networks on really big fights.

As to the Udall measure, shortening the seasons is not too bad an idea, except that it should be done by the fans, not by government edict. And the fans have not yet indicated that they are turning off their sets as the seasons run beyond what was once considered to be their normal limits. The various bowl games and pro playoffs draw fevered

watchers by the millions. Udall fears that overexposure on television will eventually kill some sports, as it helped to erase boxing from the tube. But one other factor—a plethora of dimly paid fights—was what really knocked out boxing. The talent supply ran out. Good matches still draw, as the Ali-Frazier fight established, and they even draw customers willing to pay high prices for their tickets.

DISASTER AREA

Just back from an expedition to the Florida Keys, Jack Rudloe, president of Gulf Specimen Company, which collects marine specimens for scientists, museums, universities and the like, reports from his home in Panama, Fla. that "destruction from dredge and fill operations are evident everywhere you look."

"Marine life populations have been drastically reduced from draglines and bulldozers pouring lime rock over once-beautiful mangrove swamps," he says. From Homestead to Key West entire habitats are being smothered and polluted. The nursery grounds of bonefish, tarpon and snook are being turned into channel spoil banks, trailer parks, golf courses and motels.

"The Florida State Department of Transportation is dredging through big stretches of mangroves to make new roads. The sea bottoms are covered with silt, and coral has been reported killed as far as 20 miles from shore. Sea grass beds are dying, and in many areas we were unable to find young lobsters, starfish, sea urchins, anemones or sessile jellyfish. Old collecting areas once productive are now lifeless dead bottoms. Gobies, sea breams and blennies are not reproducing in the dying coral. The water is milky white every time there is a storm."

"Other collectors report the Keys have never been so desolate and barren of life."

It's always nice to get a cheery note from a friend.

THE ART OF WAGERING

The exacta is beginning to be to horse racing what "dish night" was to the movies years ago. At tracks around the country which offer the exacta, attendance and wagering have increased from 4.3% to as much as 7.4%.

In the exacta a bet is made on two horses to finish first and second in precise order. Payoffs have been big. At Golden Gate Fields on March 31 the fifth race exacta paid \$8,066.50 on a \$5 bet, largest since this type of betting was introduced in California two years ago. Eight tickets were sold on the two long shots wearing Nos. 9 and 4.

One lucky holder, who refused to give his name because he was supposed to be at work, explained his strategy:

"I'm a 49er football fan. I always bet \$5 on the 4 and the 9 and then I reverse the numbers for \$5 on 9 and 4."

THE ULTIMATE TEST

As a rally driver, Chris Rothwell has quite an enviable record. He won the East African Safari classic in 1966 and



1967. He won the Tanzania 1,000-mile endurance run four straight years. And he was in charge of the Tanzanian army driving school. He also ran the police driving school for two years.

Recently Rothwell returned to Britain. His old British license had expired during his years in Africa, so he had to take a driving test.

He failed.

continued

When you know enough about golf and life to ask for Walter Hagens, you deserve Walter Hagens.



Walter Hagens aren't the sort of clubs one tries to sell you.

Once you really know about golf, you simply ask your pro for them. You ask for them, and you deserve them.

The woods look something like black marble, and the irons will remind you of sterling.

Each is weighted and balanced so perfectly that swinging them is a rather sensual experience.

They're all handmade with very little hurry by men who believe making golf clubs is kind of an art. A gentleman named Walter Hagen wouldn't have had it any other way.

That's why his clubs are the finest in the world. And why they're worth a fortune.

Here's to the man who finds himself asking for them.

You have to ask for Walter Hagens.

Available only through golf pro shops. Walter Hagen Golf Equipment Co.

Dream on, they said.

We told our pen men to build us a ball pen that would hold more ink—a lot more. To write better months longer—three times longer than the ordinary ballpoint can.



Not this. This.

We told our pen men to build us a ball pen that would come in five different point sizes, not just two. So you can write broad, medium, fine, extra-fine or even extra-extra fine.

We told our pen men to build us a ball pen that wouldn't skip on the paper. With a ball that's microscopically textured—to grip.



This can slip. This won't.

We told our pen men to build us a ball pen that would write longer with less wear. With a point that rotates a quarter turn

every time you click the clicker—as you'd rotate the tires on a car.



We told our pen men to build us a ball pen we could guarantee for a lifetime against defects in material or workmanship.



We told our pen men to build us a ball pen with a case that's solid sterling silver. And hang the cost, we said.

We told our pen men to build us a ball pen that had an exclusive "personal touch." With a place where a monogram can be added in seconds, at no extra cost, while you watch.



Then we told our pen men to squeeze all this into a shape so slim, so aristocratically elegant, that to see it is to want it.

Dream on, they said.

Then do you know what they did? They built it. The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen.

 **PARKER**
maker of the world's most wanted pens

Introducing...

The Carefree



It starts with a key.

The new Guardian[®] mower by Toro is designed for safer operation right from the start. Because the Key-Lectric[™] models start just like your car, with a key. You're behind the handle, nowhere near the blade. The battery's good for start after start. Then you plug the recharger into any outlet and you're ready for more.



And that's just the start. The special blade is "tuned" to a new, deeper Wind-Tunnel[®] housing to pull the grass up for a more even cut. In fact, the new Wind-Tunnel housing picks up to 50% more grass into the bag before you have to empty it.

The Guardian is powered by a solid 3½ horses, and the drive's up front where it belongs. Ever try to

ul Mower

Rear Safety Shield

deflects foreign objects and makes it pretty tough to get your feet under the mower

Blade Guard

wraps around underneath the rear of the housing a lip that helps guard against contact with the blade.

Deflector Bar

helps guard against thrown objects.

Safety Stop Switch

engine automatically shuts off when bagging chute is removed or cover opened

It mows more safely.

maneuver a rear wheel drive mower in a tight spot? Enough said. Toro uses 4-cycle engines so you don't have to mix gas and oil. Less air pollution, too.

We've turned the Guardian over so you can take a look at our two million dollar bottom-side. That's what we spent to design in the new safety features you see above.

The price? Self-propelled, Key-Electric starting models \$189.95 and \$209.95. Other models as low as \$119.95.

One call will tell you where to get the Guardian. For the name of your nearest Toro dealer, call 800-631-4299 toll free. In New Jersey, 800-962-2803.

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TORO

We Take Care

After the unveiling of his latest sculpture, Emile Gouche impressed the crowd by hand-painting his own cigarette.

Now everybody will be smoking Emile's hand-painted cigarettes

...almost everybody.



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Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)



20 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov '70

DOWN BUT NOT OUT

What must have been the first standing ovation ever for a fifth-place club at the end of a tie game was accorded the Buffalo Sabres the other night when they finished the home portion of their first National Hockey League season. The capacity crowd of 10,429 arose and started applauding 17 seconds before the end of the Sabres' 3-3 tie with the Pittsburgh Penguins. The fans continued to applaud for several minutes.

Punch Imlach and his Sabres have very much caught on in Buffalo and the city's nearby Canadian environs—and to an extent beyond all expectations. There were 23 sellouts in 39 home games. Consequently, immediately after the home finale, workers began to add a balcony to Memorial Auditorium to enlarge the seating capacity to 15,172.

"After all," said Punch, "we're the best team out of the playoffs."

BE OUR GUEST

People who own homes adjacent to golf courses often become terrible grumps. Players who have used the Pasadena Golf Club in St. Petersburg, Fla. in recent weeks, however, have noticed a welcome departure from the common attitude. Since early in March, Pasadena has served as host to both the Major League Baseball Players' Tournament and the \$20,000 Orange Blossom Classic for women pros, and many of the golfers were delighted to read a handsomely painted sign, brown and white, behind the home of a fine golf fan, Ted Peters, who lives beside the 3rd hole. Planted into the ground just off the fairway and at eye level to approaching players is Mr. Peters' help to strays: "We feel that it is a privilege to live beside your golf course. Contrary to our best intentions, that darned ball has a tendency to stray once in a while. Please feel free to remove that elusive object from these premises at all times. Take time and smell the flowers."

LET THEM EAT PANCAKES

There was a time when any trainer of athletes would tell you that for stamina there's nothing like a good steak a few hours before a game, a light or a race. But in recent years the dietetic swing has been to meals high in carbohydrates, like spaghetti, even without meatballs. Now Dr. Donald L. Cooper, team physi-

cian at Oklahoma State University, makes a case for pancakes.

Since steak is mostly protein, he explains, it needs 5% more oxygen for digestion than do pancakes, which break down into carbon dioxide and water in the body and can be eliminated more easily than protein through the skin and lungs.

"In the last quarter," Dr. Cooper says, "when you're looking for marginal things, you've already lost 5% of your potential oxygen utilization by eating steak. It may be coincidental, but last year the guys on our football team who played were the pancake eaters, while the steak men were bench warmers."

One remembers that in 1966 Jim Palmer, the Baltimore Orioles' pitcher, took to eating pancakes before games. Pitching in the second game of the World Series, he had four pancakes for breakfast, then shut out Sandy Koufax and the Los Angeles Dodgers.

HONK FOR A HOMER

Many communities have drive-in movies, restaurants, liquor stores and banks. A few have drive-in churches whose slogan is, "Come as you are and pray in your car." In fact, it seems as if there's ample room for cars everywhere except in traffic.

Now comes a new drive-in facility at the Albuquerque Sports Stadium, the city baseball park built for the Dixie Association farm team of the Los Angeles Dodgers. The city has installed a special terrace around the outfield and 20 feet above the grass, with spaces for 102 spectator cars.

The drive-in terrace was built mainly for parents who want to bring young children to the games. So now Dodger ads stress that baseball is "rated very, very G for family entertainment."

SEE NO EVIL

As the season went into its final weeks, the Italian National Soccer Federation took a radical step to protect referees from embarrassment. The federation in its wisdom asked the state-operated TV network to cease showing slow-motion replays of crucial decisions. It felt that slow-motion displays of referees' errors weakened respect for them and even endangered them physically. Riots and referee beatings were known to Italian soccer long before TV, but the federation felt that TV exposure could only fur-

ther inflame aggression by the fans.

The fans became a bit aggressive about the federation's request, however, so it was withdrawn. The decline and fall of the Roman empire may not be far off.

CULTURAL NOTE FROM JAPAN

The reason Japanese baseball players, as a class, are not yet as good as American major-leaguers is that they spend too much time on the floor, according to Masahito Kaneda, Tokyo Giants pitcher who won 400 games in his 20-year career.

"We eat on the floor, sleep on the floor, sit on the floor," Kaneda explained during spring training in Florida. "That's bad for somebody who wants to play baseball."

"The Americans are faster and have bigger and stronger legs. All the living on the floor we do stops the circulation of the blood in the legs and makes them stiff and weak."

Perhaps the Japanese should listen to Kaneda and take to sitting in chairs. He says he once struck out Mickey Mantle four times in one game.

A QUESTION OF PRIORITIES

In the English village of Glunford Brigg, Lincolnshire, not a single baby was born last month. During the same period last year there were 17 births.

Research discloses that nine months previously, soccer's World Cup was being shown live on television from Mexico, and while the village wives went to bed early, the men stayed up until 3 a.m. to watch the telecast.

"A World Cup every year might be the answer to the population explosion," mused Councillor Gordon Hughes.

THEY SAID IT

• Frank Robinson of the Orioles, on fraternizing with the enemy in baseball.

"There's too much of it, particularly in the American League. There's absolutely no way you can go barreling into second base and dump a guy on a double play, like you should do, when you've been fraternizing with him before a game."

• Doug Rader, Houston Astros third baseman: "I think smoking is the thing I do good and moist consistently. I just hardly ever have an off day smoking. I smoke good and I smoke consistent. I can't think of anything else I am as consistently good at."

END

In 1923, diphtheria choked the life



out of thousands of children. They could have been saved.



Fifty years ago, many mothers were as frightened by the injection to prevent diphtheria, as the disease itself.

They weren't sure what the inoculation would do, except hurt. To many of them, tying a bag of garlic around a child's neck made more sense.

So they would not have their children immunized.

And children continued to die. When they could have been saved.

Then in 1923, Metropolitan Life gave its agents a special assignment. To persuade mothers to get their children immunized. Whether their family was insured by Metropolitan Life or not.

So agents spoke to mothers in home after home.

And when words didn't work, a picture did. Agents carried with them snapshots of their own children being inoculated by a doctor.

In time, a diphtheria injection became as accepted as a routine X-ray.

Since then, we've spread the word about vaccinations against smallpox, tetanus, whooping cough, polio, measles and now rubella.

So that today, mothers just read about diseases like diphtheria and smallpox, instead of watching their children die from them.



Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.

The Loop-Charged Sea-Horse for the Take-Charge Guy. You.



Take charge... and turn on to the excitement of breakaway outboard power with the Johnson Loop-Charged Sea-Horse 60 hp. Loop-Charged means that fuel is brought in and the exhaust pushed out in one continuous power loop (see inset, center). It's mighty nice to have because you get more horsepower with less fuel.

Take charge... of the sizzling 60 that has set new records in the outboarding world's racing competitions, including the last American Power Boat Association Nationals, where Johnson-powered boats captured first place in four classes and set two national speed records.

Take charge... with one hand. Our hydraulic-electric Power Shifting with single-lever remote control (standard equipment) gives you forward or reverse, fast or slow, effortlessly. And starting is



Johnson's Loop-Charged design incorporates fuel-loop, exhaust piston-loop, water weight, less stress, new cooling. Result: More performance.

just as easy: Capacitor Discharge ignition system provides a hotter spark, 20 times faster than conventional systems.

Take charge... of an almost inexhaustible supply of get-up-and-go, which can be harnessed to any one of eight standard propellers. When you give our new 60 a turn, you may never want to go back to dry land. See this new Sea-Horse and others from 2 to 125 hp at your Johnson dealer now. Or write for free catalog, Johnson Motors, Waukegan, Illinois 60095, Dept. SI-471.



Here Ed McMahon for Johnson Motors on NBC's "Ed McMahon Show", each Saturday. See the "National Sporting Team" April 11 on ABC-TV. Check your knowledge of the service of sea sailing. And don't miss the Greatest Show on Water at your Johnson dealer's New



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For people who don't always remember to change their motor oil.

Sure we recommend changing your oil when you should, but if you're like most people you probably don't.

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That's why there's Valvoline.[®] The race-proved motor oil with a unique blend of the finest components specifically designed to work harder, longer.

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The oil that's a lot better than it really has to be. Available at fine service stations, garages and new car dealers everywhere.



PRETENDERS TO



Shocked and depressed by the news that Holst The Flag, overwhelming early favorite for the Kentucky Derby, had shattered his leg in a training accident, racing last week nimbly turned its attention to the problem of discovering The Flag's likely successor.

Johnny Campo, the outstanding New York trainer, shipped his much-worked Jim French to Santa Anita to test Unconscious, who had won the San Felipe two weeks earlier and seemed clearly

the best in the West, in the Santa Anita Derby. When Campo was last at Santa Anita four years ago he was an assistant trainer to the renowned Eddie Neely and the personal attendant of Ogden Phipps' Buckpasser. Last week, plump and grinning, he made it back to Santa Anita—and before the 95° day had cooled off Johnny was a hero. Early in the afternoon word came from New York that the Campo-trained Good Behaving had won the Gotham Stakes at

Aqueduct and a purse of \$34,080. Late in the afternoon Jim French, who has had more flying time this winter than a Pan-Am captain (on three successive Saturdays he raced in New York, Florida and California), left Unconscious a length and three quarters behind to win another \$88,400.

So it was a great day for Campo, but in view of Jim French's steady but unspectacular record this season against the Eastern 3-year-olds his victory says

THE CROWN

The Flag is down, the dream horse of 1971 has shattered his leg. Now lesser—but sounder—colts scramble for his Darby **by WHITNEY TOWER**



After guiding Jim French to a decisive victory in the Santa Anita Derby, jockey Angel Cordero wears the winner's wreath of yellow carnations.

quite a bit about the caliber of the California runners. At Gulfstream Park a week earlier, before Jim French finished third behind Eastern Fleet and Executioner in the Florida Derby, Campo was asked why he was taking the colt on such short notice to Santa Anita. He replied bluntly, "Because I'm a cinch out there, that's why."

Last Saturday, after he had proved his point, he leaned back in his chair at the head of the press table, his hands rest-

ing comfortably on a belly that hasn't missed many oats. Naturally, the battery of California writers wanted to know why Campo had decided to bring Jim French to Santa Anita. "I need the money," he cracked. Then, in a devastating afterthought, "No, I came because there's nothing out here, nothing. I knew Good Behaving couldn't miss winning the Gotham, so why do I want to run one-two at Aqueduct when I can make more money this way? The good horses from

continued





the West come East and they usually don't do so hot. If you have a good horse in the East you're crazy not to take him West and beat what they got out there. That's all there is to it. Any more questions?"

Despite Campo's coup and the victory the same day of Twist The Axe in the Arkansas Derby, the prime topic last week was still Hoist The Flag.

"What an unpredictable sport this is, and what a dreadful shame," said Mrs. Jimmy Kilroe, wife of the Santa Anita racing secretary. "Hoist The Flag represented the right combination in every way: good breeding, managed perfectly, not overbred, well rested over the winter. Everything was just perfect for him to become a super hero—which American racing desperately needs."

His owners, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Clark Jr. of Middleburg, Va., and his trainer, Sidney Watters, brought the colt, a son of Tom Rolfe and the War Admiral mare Wavy Navy, along slowly. Watters ran Hoist The Flag only four times last year, skipped the Florida season this winter to let the horse rest in Camden, S.C. and raced him only twice this spring. He won by 15 lengths at Bowie and by seven lengths in the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct, which he took with consummate ease over good horses. "We never really set him down and let him run," mused Watters after the accident. "There's no telling how fast he might have been." Jean Cruguet, his rider, said, "The only way he could have been beaten was if he fell down."

A week ago Wednesday morning at Belmont Park, Watters was planning to work Hoist The Flag on the main track in preparation for the Gotham, one of two final prep races for the colt before the May 1 Kentucky Derby. After conferring with Cruguet it was decided to shift to the Belmont training track, which seemed less "dead." Somewhere, probably about a sixteenth of a mile after Hoist The Flag completed an easy five-furlong work, the colt put his right hind foot down wrong, and suddenly, as though struck by lightning, he suffered a shattered pastern and a fractured can-

non bone. "He stopped so suddenly," said Cruguet. "I knew something awful was wrong." Within minutes, so did everyone else at Belmont.

Watters, standing up the track, ran toward the colt as Cruguet dismounted. The track horse ambulance came, and Hoist The Flag, standing on three legs, was driven back to the barn. Watters hurriedly called Dr. Mark Gerard, and as a protective splint was applied and X rays taken he put in a sad phone call to Middleburg. The Clarks immediately left for New York. Meanwhile, phone calls were made to two other prominent veterinarians, Dr. Jacques Jenny of the University of Pennsylvania and Dr. Donald Delahanty of the Cornell College of Veterinary Medicine. The Clarks arrived at Stall 14 Barn 38 as Dr. Jenny was studying the X rays. The pastern is the last segment of the leg, just above his hoof, and in a running horse it bears a tremendous amount of strain. It was fragmented. After seeing the X ray Alford Vanderbilt, chairman of the New York Racing Association, said, "It looked like a hammer had shattered an ice cube." It was obvious that Hoist The Flag would never race again. Mrs. Clark (the horse is hers, rather than her husband's) had to decide whether to have the animal destroyed or submit it to an operation that might restore the leg sufficiently for it to bear the colt's active weight. The Flag's potential value at stud was still enormous.

Dr. Jenny said he thought the horse could be saved. Mrs. Clark said, "I don't want to do anything that's cruel to him." Dr. Jenny suggested they wait a few minutes more until Dr. Delahanty arrived. When Delahanty agreed with Jenny the horse was taken from the barn and harnessed a short distance to a veterinary hospital just across the road from the racetrack. There he underwent a six-hour operation. The cannon bone was not too badly broken and was put back to gether with a pin. But the pastern had to be completely rebuilt.

Hoist The Flag came out of the operation well, his leg encased in a huge metal and fiber-glass cast. Although for the first few days the colt was unable to figure out how to lie down, he seemed comfortable enough. The great danger was that the rebuilt pastern would fail to knit and that gangrene might develop. It would be several weeks before anyone could tell for certain

whether the operation was a success.

If he survives, Hoist The Flag's value may diminish only slightly, since he will be in great demand as a stud. He retires undefeated in six races (although he was disqualified in one), is splendidly bred and was greatly admired for his speed and competitiveness. True, he never won beyond a mile in his brief career, and his admirers were unhappily premature in calling him another Citation or Man o'War, but he was good. If he had made it to the Gotham and had run his first seven furlongs at the same speed as he had in the Bay Shore, he could have run the last furlong in 15 seconds—laughably slow time—and still finished ahead of Good Behavior.

The Clarks had him insured for \$500,000, which in these days of high finance in racing may have been a bit on the low side. They had received several offers for him, one for \$2 million (\$1.5 million down, the other \$500,000 later). A rumor spread that the offer was really for \$4 million, which could be another case of racetrack arithmetic, although a major commercial breeder conceivably might value the horse at that amount.

If he dies the Clarks will collect their half million, although they neither need nor want it. Twenty years ago Your Host suffered a leg injury and his owner elected (as was his privilege) to take the \$250,000 insurance and have the colt destroyed. Lloyds of London paid the insurance but decided to save the animal. He recovered, stood at stud for a year under Lloyds' management and then was sold for \$140,000. Your Host will remain in the record books for all time as the sire of the five-time Horse of the Year, Kelso. That's the way racing goes.

As for this year's Kentucky Derby picture, the frosting on the cake may have melted a bit with the injuries to Hoist The Flag and His Majesty and the defection of Execututor (S1, April 5), but Eastern Fleet and Bold and Able are still around. So is the pretty little Jim French, who at Santa Anita got through on the inside to win after having had to check twice on the last turn. And, as Campo says, "Jim French is still learning. A couple of months ago he never would have gone through a hole to get to the lead. If he's a nice boy I might rest him for the Kentucky Derby. But if he's bad I'll have to run the son of a bitch again. Me, I never make up my mind what I'm going to do until a day or two before I do it." **END**

John Campo's other horse, Good Behavior, won the Gotham (top) after Hoist The Flag (fig. 4, center, starting to pull away in a seven-length victory in his last race) was injured. The Flag had to undergo a six-hour operation.

'WE CAN PUNCH, WE CAN DANCE'

Milwaukee looks like a shoo-in for the final round of the NBA playoffs, but Baltimore's revival, physically and in competitive spirit, means that New York will have its hands full in their matchup **by PETER CARRY**

Two weeks ago, when the National Basketball Association's regular season ended with a yawn, the forecast for the annual spring money dance—otherwise known as the playoffs—was for a month-long case of the blahs. It would take just that long to get through the cumbersome preliminaries and down to the confrontation anticipated all year: the New York Knickerbockers versus the Milwaukee Bucks for the championship.

That meeting is still the logical imperative, but the opening round of the playoffs indicated that there should be some fun along the way. Most encouraging is the revival of the Baltimore Bullets, finally healthy and displaying a competitive edge that had withered during a winter of easy triumphs. Despite two extraordinary performances by Billy Cunningham—he had 65 points and 36 rebounds in the fifth and sixth games—Baltimore eliminated Philadelphia in seven bruising contests, and Bullet Gus Johnson described his team's state of readiness for New York: "You want to punch, we can punch. You want to dance, we can dance, baby. We're as agile and mobile as any team in the league."

Johnson had missed much of the last third of the season because of leg injuries and appeared in the playoffs wearing thick elastic supports around both knees. But even when he was present, his Bullets had not done much punching or dancing this year, largely because they did not have to. They swept the weak Central Division with the poorest record among the four divisional winners: "It's quite normal for athletes in a division where they have a 10-12 game lead most of the season not to play with their fullest abilities," was the explanation of Coach Gene Shue.

Indeed, the new four-division format brought on by expansion resulted in exactly that number of dull races. The only memorable events were the record 20-game win streak of the Bucks and the horrendous reversals suffered by Cleveland, which lost its first 15 games and finished at .183. The league's owners had one of their worst seasons, too, filling

the air with phony moralizing about the war with the ABA, double-dealing among themselves and issuing self-serving bulletins about inflated contract settlements with players.

Once the playoffs began, however, the owners faded into the stands, Baltimore's series with Philadelphia was not pretty to watch—there were 372 fouls called in the seven games—but the Bullets' walking wounded were up to the task. Two weeks earlier, Center Wes Unseld had severely sprained his ankle, an injury that was supposed to disable him for six weeks. But the therapists at a Baltimore children's hospital showed that Unseld, even though he is 6' 7½" and 245 pounds, is their kind of baby. They had him ready for the opener, and, by the fifth game of the series, Shue said, "We is playing at 100%, right now."

Unseld is important to the Bullets not only because he is one of the few centers with the agility and strength to battle New York's Willis Reed on equal terms and at least keep Lew Alcindor busy, but also because he is the key to the Baltimore offense. The Bullet attack packs all the subtlety of a bowitzer, Unseld clearing defensive rebounds and flinging the hardest, fastest outlet passes in the league to his teammates as they scramble downcourt. The man who takes most of those quick shots is Earl Monroe. The Pearl, whose knees are considered the worst two joints in Baltimore—no small accomplishment even though the strippers on The Block are being chased as part of urban renewal—acquired another injury early in the opener against Philadelphia. A knee to the ribs kept him out of all but 11 minutes of the game and the Bullets lost 126-112.

Two nights later, while his teammates warmed up, Monroe received three injections of Xylocaine to numb the pain. "I approached it with reluctance; I am not a great lover of needles," he said. "I lay flat and closed my eyes." He then played 41 minutes and scored 24 points as the Bullets won 119-107 in one of their finest games of the year. But Monroe's troubles were not over. Early in

the second period of the third game he caught an elbow in his sore ribs, and the pain drove him into shock. He broke into a cold sweat, did not know where he was and even forgot his name. But he remembered how to shoot when he returned at the beginning of the second half with a foam-rubber pad over the ribs. He scored 23 points in the final 24 minutes.

Because of the way their starters match up with strength on strength—Unseld-Reed, Johnson-DeBusschre, Monroe-Frazier—Baltimore and New York always produce close games when all players are reasonably healthy. Last year the Bullets took the Knicks to seven games, one of their losses coming in double overtime, and more of the same can be expected. Predictably, New York defeated Atlanta 4-1 in a series in which the Knicks spread the star parts around as



Underrated Earl (15) and winging McMillan took turns at starring in a close series.



A towering presence for Philby, Cunningham could not match the power of Unseled's Bulls.

if they were big-name actors taking cameo roles in a B movie. Dick Barnett and Bill Bradley dominated the first win and Walt Frazier the second; Frazier and Reed controlled the third and Dave DeBusschere the fourth, a game in which Reed added a minor shoulder injury to his already tender left knee.

Milwaukee's 4-1 margin over San Francisco in the Western Conference was even easier. The Bucks won their last game by 50 points and their only loss came on Warner Joe Ellis' 43-foot jump shot with one second remaining in the fourth game. Their run to the championship round should be smoother than New York's—or Baltimore's—if only because doctors were unable to handle Jerry West's problem as efficiently as Unseled's. West severed a ligament in his right knee during the final month of the season. He was at the Los Angeles-Chi-

cago series working as a TV color man and somehow maintaining his good humor despite a cast from his hip to his toes, despite his crutches and despite the disappointment of being forced to sit by as another of his few remaining chances to play on a championship team slipped away.

Although neither Los Angeles nor Chicago (the Lakers and Bulls were tied 3-3 at week's end) should give Milwaukee much trouble in the West final, fans in both cities received an unexpected bonus because theirs was the most tightly played of the preliminary rounds. Without West or Elgin Baylor in the lineup, Los Angeles was no longer a team of one-on-one stars. There were Lakers actually cutting around the massive picks identified in the program as Wilt Chamberlain. And Wilt, who put on impressive shot-blocking displays in the sec-

ond and fourth games, played some of the time in the high post.

In fact, without West's running, shooting and ball hawking, the Lakers became a pattern team much like the Bulls. There were no fast-break baskets scored in the first half of the opening game and none in the second and third periods of the second game. Los Angeles won them both, 100-99 and 105-95. Wilt's picks and screens were helping little Gail Goodrich to average a West-like 30.3 points a game and the Lakers received a pleasant surprise from Jim McMillian, the rookie from Columbia who spent most of the season on the bench. A starter in the playoffs, McMillian scored 26 and 24 points in the Lakers' first two wins and held Chet Walker, the Bulls' second leading scorer with a 22-point average, to 15.5 points a game for the first six games. After McMillian scored 15 points in the first half of the third game, Bulls Coach Dick Motta switched Buterbean Love to guard the rookie. Love, still vastly underrated himself, cooed McMillian's shooting and kept right on scoring himself. Since Motta turned the slender 6' 8" forward into a starter early last season, Love has averaged more than 20 points a game, though his reputation during his first three seasons in the NBA was as a defensive specialist.

The Bulls' first win was a bizarre game in which Motta was ejected (and later fined \$1,500) for swearing at Referee Mendy Rudolph; Love and Laker Keith Erickson took several serious but ill-aimed pokes at each other, and Chicago Captain Jerry Sloan followed his coach to the locker room in the third period after throwing the ball a little too hard at Referee Bob Rakek. The Bulls won 106-98 and Love had 27 points. Two nights later he scored 17 of his 36 in the fourth quarter as Chicago came from behind to tie the series. On Sunday he had 21 to help tie it again at three games apiece.

Laker Coach Joe Mullaney watched his men playing good team ball during their second victory and turned to Trainer Frank O'Neill sitting next to him on the bench. "You know," he said, "it's more fun now than it was at this time last year." It may be fun now, but the Lakers, without West, or the Bulls, even with a lot of Love, probably will not find it so enjoyable when they move up to play the Bucks.

END

THEY STILL SWING A MEAN PADDLE

Appearing at the World Table Tennis Championships after an absence of six years, Red China proved it hadn't lost a thing **by DICK MILES**

The 31st World Table Tennis Championships, held 220 miles from Tokyo in Nagoya, Japan, brought together 536 players and officials from 54 nations. One of the nations was Red China—for the first time in six years.

Even in the first few days of the tournament, before the field narrowed and the play intensified last week, China was

on almost everyone's mind. Its long absence might have made sense had its players been less talented. Communist countries often prefer nonrepresentation to fielding a poor team. But the missing Peking paddlers, men and women, had been the world's best between 1959 and 1965, the year of their mysterious dropout. Yet so perfect and silent was their vanishing

act in '65 that in the gloomy green crypts around the world that table tennis players call clubs it became a generally accepted theory that China's three-time world singles champion, Chuang Tse-tung, and his teammate Li Fu-jung had been sacrificed by Mao's Red Guards in one of the purgatorial riots of the cultural revolution.

Then, last November, Chuang, Li and their usual entourage turned up in Stockholm for the Scandinavian Open. Though they didn't win, their leaders said they might still go to Nagoya if certain conditions and provisions could be guaranteed.

Immediately table tennis hawks began flying to Peking. First to go was Mr. Goto, president of both the Japan Table Tennis Association and the Table Tennis Federation of Asia. It would mean a tassel on his kimono if he could lure the Chinese stars to Nagoya. But China's "conditions" got Goto into trouble. It was prominently reported in the Asian press that Goto had agreed to Red China's demand that, in return for its participation at Nagoya, he would oust the Nationalist Chinese from the Asian Federation. Ripping mad at this alleged single-handed samurai swipe, a group of delegates from Asian countries asked Goto to affirm or deny the reports. Goto would do neither, and when pressed he resigned.

The Nationalist China issue is an old table tennis blister that suppurates every two years when the world championships are held. This year it was additionally chafed by the reports of Goto's Peking agreement. As a member of the 22-nation TTFA, Nationalist China competes in tournaments sanctioned by that body, but cannot compete in the world championships because it is not a member of the International Table Tennis Federation.

Moreover, Taiwan cannot become a member of the ITTF—though it has been submitting applications to join since 1957—because, in the words of ITTF President Roy Evans, "the applications have not been received in the proper form." If he is asked in what way the applications are not proper, he replies with equal steadfastness, "I refuse to elaborate."

Evans, too, had flown to Peking and obviously he knew more about the problems of the two Chinas than he was saying. A sturdy 61-year-old Welshman with

The speed and power of left-handed Li Ching-huang dominated Japan in tournament finals.



a ruddy face, he was easily spotted on the perimeter of the playing floor at Nagoya.

"Yes, I was in Peking," he said, "and a fine visit it was. Things seem to be better there now, a general thawing out. I was told that by the British ambassador himself at dinner one night. But when I tried to locate some of my old table tennis friends—Chen Hsien, for example, former head of their association—there was no trail and no clue. I was told by my chaperons that they had died. I didn't press for explanations.

"But I saw Chou En-lai again. He sent some of his aides to take me to dinner—Peking duck, delicious—and they said that Chou wanted very much to see me but that his schedule was heavy. Later that night, just as I was ready for bed, Chou sent for me. We met in the People's Auditorium, one of those magnificent buildings erected in a few months by thousands and thousands of workers.

"At first, there was the usual sipping of green tea as we sat in a semicircle; a dozen men, with Chou and me in the middle and an interpreter just behind us. Chou looked fit, not much older than when I'd met him in '59, though I believe he's over 70. He was wearing one of those blue-gray serge Mao jackets of the best quality, the kind that their highest people always wear. Chou said he wanted his people back in international sport, which to them is table tennis, of course, because they don't compete in the Olympics. He said they had a contribution to make and added the usual things about promoting friendships. Naturally I didn't ask him why his players hadn't been heard from in six years, but the evidence now seems clear. During the cultural revolution the extreme left-wing faction insisted that China withdraw from the world to examine itself, that the Chinese people reduce all life to its barest essentials lest they lose sight of their goals. Their sports program was to become a broad-based people's program, not one that would glorify the individual champion.

"In our talk we discussed sports in general. Chou said that in those sports where one's opponent was a distance or a height or a clock, China was as strong as anyone. He implied that China's swimmers and weight lifters had broken present world records. But Chou was worried about his table tennis players who had not played competitively in six years.

"Then Chou asked me a question. He wanted to know if in the Western countries our young people had the same dedication to sports that youngsters in China have. I suggested that perhaps our youths had too many distractions. In turn, Chou expressed concern for them. He said he felt the permissive society was bad for young people. And then, quite ingratiatingly, he began pulling my leg. He said that in his opinion there was a real possibility that table tennis might not actually be the fastest sport in the world; that perhaps badminton, or even volleyball, might be faster. Well, I mean, what could I say. . . ."

Evans is justifiably proud of the job the ITTF has done and the cohesive body it is. With its 94 member nations, the ITTF is one of the largest sports federations in the world—large enough to include as bona fide members two Germans, two Koreans and two Vietnams. But two Chinas? Unlikely. At the big ITTF meeting at Nagoya, Evans, as chairman, persistently dismissed the cries: "Point of order! Point of order, Mr. Chairman!" that rose from many of the delegates when the Red Chinese representative, Mr. Wang, began a vituperative assault on the supporters of Nationalist China. The Wang harangue concluded with a demand that the teams of Khmer (Cambodia) and the Republic of Vietnam be immediately ousted from the world championships. Demand denied.

A few days later, in a statement widely publicized in Japan, Red China announced that it was withdrawing from the International Lawn Tennis Federation and also the International Archery Federation. Because of the timing of the statement and because it used words almost identical to Mr. Wang's—and because in any case the question is academic: massachusetts as Communist China does not compete internationally in tennis or archery—one could only assume that the statement was a warning to the ITTF that if it accepted Nationalist China, Red China would withdraw.

As for the play at Nagoya, the Chinese seemed far from their former invincible selves in the early rounds. Their men's team—Chuang Tse-tung, Li Ching-kuang, a brawny new left-hander, and a new defensive chopper, Liang Ko-liang—seemed especially shaky. Chuang is probably 10 pounds heavier than he was in '65 (he's about 5' 8" and 150 pounds) and at 30 he is old for

table tennis. Though his forehand drive is still the most perfectly executed stroke in the game—he blasts the ball at amazing speed to any spot on the table—his reflexes have slowed and he cannot always get into perfect attacking position. So at times he played erratically, losing four or five points in a row, and he lost several matches to various opponents.

Five out of nine singles matches, two out of three games to a match, constitute what is called a "tie" between two countries. The Chinese players almost lost their tie to Hungary, and would have lost it if the Hungarians had had a slightly stronger third man. As it was, China edged them out 5-4.

As the Chinese team was advancing to the Swaythling Cup—the table tennis equivalent of the Davis Cup—the Japanese, defending world champions, were also running into problems in the other half of the draw. In their tie against Yugoslavia, they were extended to the absolute limit—the third game of the ninth match. But once again a weak third man prevented Europeans from beating Asians.

The Europeans these days are spending so much time perfecting their "loop drive"—a murderously heavy topspin attacking shot that can be executed only with a flat-surface sponge bat—that they seem to have forgotten the first rule of attacking play: "Hit the ball hard." The problem of reading spin, however heavy it may be, can be solved, but there is no real answer to power. After the thrilling close-call ties of Japan-Yugoslavia and China-Hungary, the China-Japan finals for the cup were anticlimactic. It was a rout, with China winning 5-2. But in the process the Chinese showed why they had brought along Li Ching-kuang. He won his first two matches and then finished off Japan in the seventh match. Up against Japan's Shigeo Itoh, the reigning world singles champ, Li blazed forehands and backhands across the net with such appalling consistency and power that the humiliating scores were 21-3, 21-6.

Sure, Japan has some consolation in the fact that its women's team beat China 3-1 for the Corbillion Cup, but as the tournament entered its second stage, the individual events, oldtimers were saying that the big prize, the men's singles title, would probably go to the misnamed Li Ching-kuang, or, as some were calling him, "Lee King-ping." **END**

A LEGAL LICENSE TO STEAL THE STARS

There is trepidation and confusion in college sport these days. For the old order no longer prevails. Not only does it not prevail, for the time being the old order has been declared to be against the law—potentially as illegal as smoking pot, kiting stocks or fixing prices. Suddenly basketball teams are collapsing. Mississippi's sophomore superstar is gone, Indiana's wonder soph has told the pros come take me, and so has Massachusetts' best player ever, a junior. Nor is college football safe. Indeed, coaches and athletic directors are frankly facing up this week to the possibility of a major change in college football and basketball programs.

The very structure of big-time college athletics is a frail thing. Its morality is uneasy, its accommodations many; it cloaks its worries and skirts its issues. And it thrives. But because of its fragile nature, it is ill-equipped to cope with a major dilemma, and now it faces one.

The reason for the consternation in college sport is a sharply-worded legal opinion issued late last month by Federal Court Judge Warren J. Ferguson of Los Angeles. In it he swept away one of the most cherished verities of U.S. athletics—the 11th Commandment: Thou shalt not sign to a professional contract any football or basketball player who has not passed four years beyond his high school graduation. Judge Warren abolished the commandment during hearings on the celebrated antitrust suit of Spencer Haywood against the National Basketball Association, a suit built upon the sound ground that the NBA had acted to restrain young Haywood's pursuit of a livelihood with the Seattle SuperSonics simply because two years before he had signed a professional basketball contract with Denver of the ABA while a mere sophomore at the University of Detroit.

The Haywood suit seemed important in professional basketball circles, bearing as it did upon the war between the rival NBA and ABA, but it paled into insignificance—and was promptly settled out of court—when Judge Ferguson suddenly brought the entire system, en-ente and rapport of the college-

Two of basketball's best undergraduates turn pro, others may, and football is in trouble, too, following a court decision
by WILLIAM JOHNSON

pro sport world into legal question. What the judge did was raise the issue of the legal rights of the one group that has been ignored by the gentlemanly agreements between the pro and college sports Establishments, the undergraduate players.

It is true that the so-called four-year rule has been in effect since the days of Red Grange and in general quite rigidly observed by even the most avaricious and ambitious sharks in the seas of professional football and basketball. There are two compelling reasons why the pro leagues have so consistently kept their hands off undergraduate athletes. 1) The policy allows the pros to stand on the side of the educational angels by giving a youngster full opportunity to finish his college education—though many nev-

er do—and 2) it automatically creates a vast, and free, farm system in which future professionals can be polished as performers and even premerchandised as celebrities for years before they move into the big leagues. The four-year rule has thus been more or less carved in granite in the bylaws of the National Football League, the National Basketball Association and the American Basketball Association, too, though that carving may be more in soapstone than in rock (the ABA was by no means above softly employing the rule's "hardship-case" exception, *i.e.*, Haywood).

But now any player—freshman, sophomore or junior as well as a drafted senior—can be signed by the pros, for Judge Ferguson offered no equivocation in his ruling. He wrote: "The court orders that partial summary judgment in favor of plaintiff Haywood be granted, to the limited extent of ruling that the NBA's four-year college rule—as embodied in Sections 2.05 and 6.03 [of NBA bylaws]—is a violation of Section 1 of the Sherman Act." And to be certain this could not be misunderstood, he added: "Sections 2.05 and 6.03 of the bylaws of the National Basketball Association are declared to be illegal. . . ."

So it was no longer a matter of personal choice, individual hardship, hard-nosed practicality or even warm-hearted morality whether or not the ABA's Memphis Pros went ahead and signed Mississippi's brilliant sophomore, Johnny Neumann, for a reported \$2 million two weeks ago. It was a matter of law that Memphis had the right to do so and that Neumann had



JUDGE WARREN J. FERGUSON
The NBA's four-year rule is hereby declared illegal.

the right to sign. Any application of the four-year rule as a method of rejecting Neumann's contract would have been an attempt to enforce a "group boycott" against the boy—and that is illegal. Thus, when ABA Commissioner Jack Dolph attempted to block Neumann's contract he was acting outside the law, at least according to Judge Ferguson's interpretation. And when NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy told his league directors two weeks ago that "undergraduates will not be eligible for the 1971 draft," he, too, would seem to violate the Sherman Antitrust Act. And, yes, when NHL Commissioner Pete Rozelle said recently that he would not approve any contracts made between any of his teams and an undergraduate, he was speaking from a dubious legal base. Judge Ferguson's point is, of course, that the "group boycott" effect of the four-year rule works to arbitrarily block a young athlete from making a living as a professional "even though he does not desire to or may not be eligible to attend college, and even though he does not desire to and is ineligible to participate in collegiate athletics." The four-year rule, in effect, restrains an individual from free exercise of his full potential as an athlete.

The shock of it all has made a profound impression upon the American sports community. Pete Rozelle issued an uncharacteristically overblown declaration: "I can't believe a practice that is for the protection of the colleges could be legally ruled invalid. If it could be, of course, it would no doubt destroy college football and basketball." That is hardly the case. As one college conference commissioner said wryly: "We could always go back to using students as athletes." But there are many who share Rozelle's dark view of the future.

Gary Colton, the athletic director of Pepperdine College, says, "I can't understand how one man can sit in a chair and make this decision. The whole bubble will burst in college athletics if this prevails. This is another step toward destruction." Speaking a bit more calmly, Northwestern's Alex Agase, college football's 1970 Coach of the Year, says, "This could eliminate all superstars from college competition." Tommy Prothro, who left the UCLA football coaching job to take over the Los Angeles Rams, sounds most desperate of all. "It's a disaster for everyone," he says. "It's a disaster for the best players in college



NCAA BOSS BYERS
We don't propose to fight this.



RAMS COACH PROTHRO
It's a disaster for everyone.



USC COACH MCKAY
Time to pass the "Keep Out" sign.

football. It's a disaster for the colleges. It's a disaster for pro football."

UCLA's John Wooden is almost as pessimistic. "I've feared this for years," he says. "And I've felt all along such a thing would hurt professional basketball by destroying its feeding ground. Anyway, it would be a mistake, to my mind, for the great majority of boys to sign. It would definitely hurt them."

Joe Williams, who is now the basketball coach at Furman University but who a year ago coached a \$1,500,000 player, Artis Gilmore, at Jacksonville, makes another vital point: loss of the four-year rule would change college recruiting. "This would take a great deal of incentive out of recruiting good players," he says. "The amount of time it takes to sign a good player is unbelievable, and the constant signing by pros of underclassmen with eligibility left will run your incentive for developing superstars, since they wouldn't be with you more than a couple of years."

Even though there is this deep concern, there was also emerging last week on the part of college athletic officials a surprising recognition that their undergraduate players do have some rights as potential professional athletes. The dubious nature of the "Do or Die for Old Sewash" attitude was being recognized for what it was, at least in the case of the truly talented player, the potential pro star whose career could be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to him. Jack Kraft, Villanova's basketball coach, says, "I think a player owes it to himself to complete college, but I can't blame a boy who signs an early contract. I've been into some of these fellows' houses and believe me, if I put in a life of 17 or 18 years there and somebody offered me a contract, how do I know I wouldn't accept it? You just can't blame the boy at all."

Fred Shabel, the athletic director at the University of Pennsylvania, has made a complete about-face on the issue. "A few years ago I absolutely thought it was a healthy rule that undergraduates should finish their education," he says. "But now I don't see where I can sit here and deny a young man that kind of choice. I think their education is very important, but I don't think I can put myself in a position of denying anyone his right to chart his own life."

Press Maravich, LSU's basketball coach and father of Pete, puts it in

continued

straight enough English: "If there's a lot of bread in the situation, I don't see how any coach can recommend that a kid not sign. I would have told Pete to sign if he had been a sophomore. I tell you, it's all survival of the fittest. Like the jungle. Nobody worries about a kid after he graduates. You can always get the education, but you can't always get the money."

Marquette Basketball Coach Al McGuire has a prime target for undergraduate recruiters in sophomore Jim Chones and suggests he would advise Chones to turn pro if the price were fair. "I've looked in his refrigerator and in mine, and mine had meats, pastries and other goodies. There are two sides to this street."

Dean Smith, basketball coach at the University of North Carolina, says flatly, "A lot of coaches won't agree with me, but kids do go to college for financial security, and if they get a chance at a good contract they should take it. To me, it's just like a student mugging in business administration having a chance to leave school and become a vice-president at General Motors."



INDIANA'S GEORGE MCINNIS
Waiting to go with the highest bidder.

In all the discussion of Judge Ferguson's opinion, there is a constant, wistful hope voiced by what might be called the firm traditionalists among the college coaches and administrators that somehow, someday there will be some agreement, some understanding, something arranged between the professionals and the colleges which will again assure a university that when it gets a star who can pack its stadiums or field houses, it can hold on to him for four years. Usually, it is the NCAA whose name is invoked as the potential keeper of the collegians' turf. However, it turns out that Walter Byers, executive director of the NCAA, has not the slightest intention of getting his organization involved in this particular situation. At least, not if he can avoid it.

"I don't propose to fight this," Byers says. "I think Judge Ferguson was on sound legal ground. Remember, the four-year rule was not put in by the colleges, but by the pros to enable them to secure talent for themselves with a minimum of inconvenience. I suppose I might have fought this 10 years ago, but not now. Some of our schools want us to go to Congress if Judge Ferguson's ruling holds up. That's just whistling up a wind tunnel. If a student athlete signs professionally, we wish him well. If they put enough zeroes on the price tag, I suppose he has to take it. I've been up and down this street for 21 years, and I've never found more than two or three professional owners who thought the first thing about the welfare of college athletics—and we've made a lot of millionaires of athletes and owners." So much for using the NCAA as a go-between with the pros. Walter Byers declines, with reason.

As the leaders of college sport discuss the situation, there has emerged a pattern of remarkable bitterness—even downright hatred—toward the moguls of professional sport. For example, Pete Peletta, athletic director at the University of San Francisco, says, "It's a prostitution of athletes and athletics: these moneybags should go on trial." UCLA Athletic Director J. D. Morgan snaps, "This is a grave danger to all athletics. It's a very disturbing thing. It's the parents eating their young, so to speak, before they develop maturity." And Wayne Duke, the normally serene commissioner of the Big Eight, is on the point of rage as he speaks of the savage rivalry be-

tween the NBA and the ABA: "It's basically the same pattern as followed by pro football—the AFL wanted a merger with the NFL so it went around dangling big sums of money before college players. A lot of clamor arose over the signings, the merger was achieved, both leagues abandoned the big offers and everybody said aren't the pros great guys to stop doing what they had been doing. The same thing will happen in basketball—they'll merge and go back to signing seniors only and everyone will say how decent they are, when really all they are ever thinking about is their own selfish interests. We in college athletics should show up the pros for what they are. I'm for going to war against them, using legal and all other means."

Even if the colleges were to declare war, it is a little difficult to know just what weapons they would use—or even whom they would attack, for their difficulty is now not only with the pros, but with the Sherman Antitrust Act. But the pros are at least an enemy they can see, and some doughy types advocate firing away. John McKay, USC's football coach, says the colleges could put up Keep Off signs around campuses. "If pro football takes undergraduates," says McKay, "you can be sure their people would never be allowed on college campuses. You know, you just might even see a fan boycott of the pros if they invaded the college ground too much. I feel that pro fans are first college fans. But the real solution to it is for these pros to act like decent people."

As of today, the battle between the NBA and the ABA does not quite lend itself to attitudes of decency, though a merger of the leagues seems imminent. As Chicago Attorney Arthur Morse, who has acted as an agent for many athletes, says: "The price war will end. But it is a terrible thing for now. It is a cancer created by the two leagues and terminated by the two leagues. They create the cancer by creating an insatiable jungle, an unrealistic market for basketball players. And while they are doing it they are meeting behind closed doors to merge and terminate the cancer. But the solution isn't merger, really. The answer is sensible, honest administration of your business. And that will never happen. You know why and I know why—because Greed, thy name is legion."

But what of the group that is most affected by the changing rules of the draft

continued

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game—the undergraduate stars? The time was when they might well have said college mattered above all, that they owed a debt to the schools that had given them scholarships, that their education would be a lifelong treasure and treasure. But, like some college athletes, administrators, their reactions now are more honest and pragmatic. The great majority of stars agree on one thing—it is up to the individual player, and each case is different. Their attitudes may come as a surprise to some of their coaches and to followers of their teams.

A few of the players, of course, have already made their decisions: college basketball's top scorer, Johnny Neumann, whose father is seriously ill, has gone to Memphis. "I hope the people of Ole Miss can understand my situation," he said. Indiana's brilliant sophomore, George McGinnis, after a month of what he describes as 24-hour-a-day pressure, said, "I remember shooting out in the dust, getting blisters, getting out, getting tired. A man would be crazy not to take a million dollars or more." And he announced he will sign with the highest bidder. That was the position, too, of Julius Erving of Massachusetts, who seems headed for the ABA Virginia Squires while his coach can merely say, "I am very disappointed . . . but I have no ill feelings."

One articulate spokesman for the players is Tom Burleson, a 7' 4" freshman center at North Carolina State. "It is more an individual situation rather than a hard-and-fast rule," he says. "Those happy with college shouldn't leave, but if a player is letting college get the best of him, he is more apt to sign. I think I owe it to the college to stay, but in the long run it's to the player's benefit rather than the college's. The athletic grant is not binding by law, but when you accept a grant-in-aid I think you do have a moral obligation to the coach."

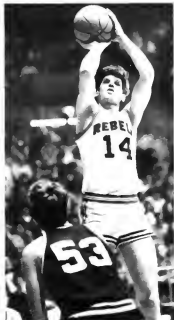
Many disagree. Says Steve Mitchell, Kansas State's sophomore star: "I've got to keep in mind the possibility of a merger between the two leagues, because if that happens soon they won't be throwing all that big money around. When I first came to Kansas State I felt I was obligated to stay and play four years because they gave me a scholarship. What changed my mind was when Cotton Fitzsimmons, the coach who recruited me, quit suddenly to become head coach with the Phoenix Suns because it meant a

big raise to him. I decided from then on I'd look out for myself first, too."

Henry Wilmore, a sophomore star for the Michigan basketball team, plans to stay on and get his degree, but when asked if he was doing this to fulfill an obligation to the school, he says, "I don't feel I owe it to Michigan, I owe it to myself." Paul Westphal, a second-team All-America junior guard for USC, puts it in plain dollar figures. "No one has offered me any \$2 million," he says, "but you would sure have to think about that for a long time. You really might have to give up 26 college games for that. I want to coach some day and a degree is essential, but I don't think anyone could blame anyone for signing at some of the dollar figures we're hearing." And Westphal's dynamic teammate, junior Center Ron Riley, says, "It all depends on how much money they offer. You can always come back and get your degree." ("There appear to be rough times ahead," notes USC Coach Bob Boyd. "A coach would never be able to plan with certainty from year to year. We would never know where we stand.") Ron Thomas, a junior forward at Louisville, says, "Well, I know I wouldn't give up my last season. At least I don't think I would. Not unless it was a big offer." How big? "Oh, at least half a million." Says Illinois sophomore Nick Weatherpoon, "The only person you owe something to is yourself, because the university can't make a living for you. You have to do what you think is best for you." And Allan Horniak, Ohio State's superb sophomore guard, says: "You offer a certain amount of money and any kid will jump at it. It would take a lot of education to make a fellow worth \$2 million, for example, wouldn't it? I wouldn't hesitate if they came to me."

As things stand now, no sophomore or junior star in basketball or football can be protected from the men offering money. And the colleges are almost entirely without recourse. Brad Snyder, basketball coach at Northwestern, sums up with frustration: "The pros can't just come on these campuses and raid these kids. There's no sense being in the game if it's going to be like that. It's all a matter of dollars, with no regard for values. Athletics isn't supposed to be played for dollars. But I guess that's what it is nowadays."

The truth, of course, is that athletics



REBEL JOHNNY NEUMANN
Two million reasons to move to Memphis

at this level is indeed played for dollars, even at Northwestern. Lots of dollars. That is one of the issues that the famous coaches, and the schools striving for the Top 20 listings, tend to skirt, or avoid. But Judge Ferguson may have evoked, accidentally, a fresher, stronger attitude within college sport itself. There is a hint that both schools and coaches are getting tired of their own dollar race, the million-dollar huddlers, the year-round recruiting, etc., etc. They want to be honest with their finest players, to be able to say, "Turn pro," if that seems best. And they know that big-time college sport will survive, new rules or no. Many teams might lose a star, but, as UCLA's J. D. Morgan puts it, "We'll survive by numbers alone."

The odds are things won't come to that. Somewhere, once again, a college-pro sport accommodation is likely to be found. Meanwhile, one can ponder the ironies of the worst extreme, as voiced by Illinois Basketball Coach Harry Schmidt: "The true amateur may be reestablished."

END

THE INELIGIBLE MARRIED MAN

Bill Toomey says it's kind of tragic, being the best decathlete in the world and (sobl) not being allowed to compete **by WILLIAM F. REED**

On a recent weekday evening Bill Toomey, the 1968 Olympic decathlon champion and world-record holder, was having dinner in his new home in Goleta, Calif., near Santa Barbara. Always ebullient, Toomey was in an especially fine mood. In his morning workout at the University of California (Santa Barbara) he had run 330 yards in 33.4, which, he exclaimed more than once between mouthfuls of spaghetti, was "fantastic." His wife, the former Mary Rand, who won a gold medal in the long jump—and set a world record—for Great Britain in the 1964 Olympics, listened patiently for a while. Then, as wives will do, she decided to take her husband down a peg.

"By the way," she said sweetly, "I heard that Russ Hodge did his best ever in the 100 meters. A 10.2, I think."

For years Toomey and Hodge have been rivals in the decathlon and for years Toomey has consistently beaten him. Still, you can always get a rise out of Toomey by suggesting that Hodge has surpassed him in some respect. Now, almost before the words were out of his wife's mouth, Toomey had grabbed a telephone and asked the operator to ring Hodge's number in Los Angeles.

"Hello, Hodge," he said. "I'm ready for you, you hear?"

Toomey was only half serious. He is 32 now, and since winning his gold medal in Mexico City his life-style has drastically changed. Where once Toomey was known in track circles as a sort of international good-humor man, he has now settled down, more or less. Besides a wife, Toomey has an infant daughter, Samantha, and a slobbering Great Pyrenees, Lady Jane. Since last April he has been an executive of The Drackett Company, a division of Bristol-Myers, and he also works for the Peace Corps, the National Food Council, the President's Council on Physical Fitness and

Sports and both ABC and CBS ("That's got to be a first," says Toomey). One of his duties at Drackett is to make radio commercials for Nutrament. While this has helped Toomey support his family and buy a home, which has a swimming pool and a heated whirlpool bath, it has also ended his career as an amateur athlete. After getting a load of Toomey's Nutrament spels, the AAU told him he was a professional.

More's the pity, because Toomey still yearns to compete and is still the best decathlete in the world. Before he retired in December 1969, he won five straight AAU championships and set the existing world record—8,417 points. Since then his athletic endeavors have been confined to giving clinics for the Peace Corps and to irregular workouts in Santa Barbara. Toomey wryly refers to himself as the "workout king" and "the best-trained spectator in Santa Barbara."

The track where Toomey trains is located near the Bank of America building, which student protesters burned in 1970, but it is isolated from the campus by a ring of tall eucalypti. The track is quiet and peaceful, the main sounds being the chirping of birds and the thump-thumping of runners' feet. About the only people who work out there regularly are a few hippies, members of the Santa Barbara track team, an occasional professor and the decathletes who have come from all over the world to train with Toomey, who is considered the guru of the event. With the recent addition of Rumania's Andrei Sepsey, the first Iron Curtain athlete ever allowed to train in this country, there are now a dozen decathletes from six countries working out in Santa Barbara. Among them are Barry King of England, Jerry Mooe and Gordon Stewart of Canada, Louie Jourdan of Ireland and Dan Denache of Haiti.



Before a workout Toomey is generally loose and laughing, but let someone pull out a stopwatch or a tape measure and his competitive juices start flowing. Besides his "fantastic" 330, Toomey has lately done a 9.5 in the 100, with no blocks, was under 21 in the 220, with a running start; high-jumped 6' 5", vaulted 13' 9" and ran a 440 in 46.8.

"I think it would only take me three weeks to get in good enough shape to go over 8,000 points in the decathlon," he says. "I guess if guys had exceeded my score and were far superior athletes, I might be content to sit back and watch them peak at my records. But this country hasn't really produced anybody who can beat me. So how can I go out on

the track and knock off some good times and not wish I were still eligible? It's kind of tragic, isn't it?"

Sometimes Toomey gets so carried away by the tragedy of it all that he entertains the idea that the AAU might be persuaded to restore his eligibility. His hopes were raised last December when he was allowed to run a 300 in San Francisco. Matched against three other Olympic gold medalists, all over 30, Toomey won easily in 32.8.

"The AAU calls me Joe Commercial," he says, "but I don't feel like that because I really do something for Dracorex. When I was hired, I told them I didn't want a job where I was just a trophy, because that's strictly a no-future thing. So I'm an executive and also one of their main advertising figures. It's not a typical endorsement scene where you say somebody else's words for a product you don't use. I actually used Nutrament when I was at the University of Colorado and I studied journalism. I studied to do what I'm doing now, so I feel I'm pretty legit. But you know, the AAU. They want the amateur athlete to be so protected from what happens in real life that he becomes unprepared for anything that isn't measured in time or distance. So now I'm the man without a country in sports. Wonder if Canada needs a good decathlon man?"

After a few moments of such bitter-sweet revenge, Toomey will laugh and apologize. "I don't mean to sound like sourgrapes," he says. "I really have reconciled myself to the fact that I probably won't compete again." For Toomey this might be easier than it would be for some, because he not only achieved almost all of his athletic goals but had a good time doing it.

"I was interviewed once and this guy asked me about the *grieling* decathlon," he says. "Well, hell. Grieling. I've never really thought about it that way. I've always enjoyed the decathlon and I think this might have been the key to my success. There are too many athletes who don't really enjoy their sport."

Toomey has worked up his joyous life and times as an itinerant decathlete into what could serve as a passable midnight act. The heroes of Toomey's routine are usually himself, naturally, and Dave

continued



TENDER MOMENT | shirtless ball-birds Mary Toomey (formerly Rudy) consoling hubby

Thoreson, decathlete, schoolteacher, cohort. Some of his funniest stories are those that convey his sense of outrage at the various idiosyncrasies of the AAU. One night last month Toomey climbed into his whirlpool, parked a bottle of Red Mountain V'n Rose nearby and told the one about the AAU's uniform rule.

"This was in 1967, when we went to Winnipeg for the Pan-Am Games," he began. "There was a guy named Larry Young, who was a walker, and he was Thoreson's pal. We went to get our uniforms—you have to wear your travel uniform to travel in, according to AAU rules—and, really, Young's uniform would have fit Jackie Gleason. When you consider that Young is a little guy, about 5' 8", 130, he looked like a used-clothes salesman who wasn't doing so well. He had his pants doubled over and a rope holding them up, just so he could obey the AAU rules, right?"

"So we got off the plane and here was Thoreson having a heavy conversation with these guys at the terminal. All of a sudden I see Young being interviewed by Thoreson's pals. 'Hi, there, Bill,' they say, 'how do you feel?' 'Hmmm, I thought, that guy isn't Bill. I'm Bill. That's Larry. Then I realized that Thoreson has passed off this little guy in baggy pants as me. So here was Larry Young being interviewed by the Canadian press about the decathlon and Thoreson is lying on the floor laughing. If somebody wants an interview, Thoreson always will oblige."

Then there's the one about the weight man trying to live on the AAU meal allowance, then \$2, now \$3 a day. This story is usually told in a deep voice, with a Slave accent of indeterminate origin.

"In 1969, on my last big trip for the AAU," Toomey said, "two weight men, Jon Cole and George Frenn, took film all during our little junket. They said they were going to make an international gangster movie, so they kept shooting each other coming out of banks, wearing Clyde hats, hustling chicks. It was sort of like James Bond Comes to Muscle Beach. One of their props was this rather realistic rubber gun."

"Well, we got to Warsaw, and all of a sudden these guys were in trouble. They couldn't get enough protein on \$2 a day to keep their weight up. They would drop from 270 to 255 and tell each other they looked like skeletons. There are all kinds of things you can do on \$2 a day, you

know. Like making a phone call or buying an ice cream cone.

"Finally, John Pennel and I got a CARE package from home that had some cheese and other protein in it. Frenn and Cole tried to con us out of it, but we wouldn't give. They brought out the rubber gun and tried to hold us up. Well, Cole threw the gun to Frenn and he missed it and it went out the window of my room on the 11th floor of the Metropole Hotel. We looked out and here's this gun lying in the middle of the street. Guns are illegal in Poland, you know. Then, while we're watching, here comes this guy in a raincoat, ambling along in Spy Gear, salivating over the gun. He went into Getaway Gait, which is faster than Spy Gear, and he made this box around the gun. Finally, when he was about 30 yards down gun, he swooped in, put the gun in his coat and ran off. We couldn't believe it. The worst thing was, here was a real spy scene, and Frenn and Cole didn't even film it. They got our cheese, though. Those guys aren't as thick as they look."

One of Toomey's favorite stories concerns The Great Sullivan Trophy Fiasco. Each year the AAU gives the Sullivan Award to the outstanding amateur athlete in the U.S. Toomey won it in 1969, but he still doesn't have the trophy—and nobody seems to know where it is. As Toomey tells it, the whole mess began in late 1969, when his name was missing from the list of nominees for the Sullivan Award. A friend of Toomey's, Frank Delson of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, noted the omission and wrote a letter to Jesse Pardue, then president of the AAU. Pardue replied that Toomey hadn't done enough to deserve it. As Delson pointed out in a column, the AAU's position was rather ludicrous. At that time Toomey had just broken the American record in the decathlon, he was undefeated in world competition, he had been named the California Athlete of the Year by the Associated Press and he had received similar awards from France and Italy.

"Finally they put me on the list," Toomey says, "and I won the Sullivan. Later on they were going to hold a dinner in Los Angeles to honor Avery Brundage or somebody and they also were going to present me my award. I said fine, but that fell through. It got to be March and April and finally May. I was getting ready to leave for Africa for the

Peace Corps when they called me up and said they would give me the award at a track meet at the Coliseum.

"Thoreson drove me to the Coliseum. I had my bags packed because I had about an hour to catch a plane. The ceremony consisted of this: a quick hand-shake with an exit by me to Africa. Nobody in the stadium knew what was happening. For all practical purposes, I got the fastest awarding of the Sullivan trophy in history.

"Well, I left the trophy there with an official so I could dash off to the airport. I haven't seen it since. And I mean, like this is no small trophy. It must weigh 25 pounds and it's got my name engraved all over it. Who would keep a trophy with somebody else's name on it? There's still a big space over our fireplace for the trophy. Mary keeps dusting it."

All Mary Toomey needs is another trophy to dust. Whenever she wants to cut her husband down to size, she reminds him that most of the trophies in the den belong to her, a fact Toomey cannot dispute. And whenever Toomey starts dropping the names of presidents and kings ("I met the King of Siam once—it was a great thrill for the king"), Mary puts him down with descriptions of her visits to Buckingham Palace.

"I just hate dust," Mary says, "I've got this thing about it."

"And that, folks," says Toomey, "was Mary Toomey, the most dynamic housewife in the Goleta, Calif. area."

The Toomeys' life together has hardly been dull. When they first started dating before the '68 Olympics, Mary was married to Sydney Rand, an English businessman. After word of the romance got out, the British press turned it into a cause célèbre. Mary donned dark glasses and a wig to slip out of the country, photographers popped out of the bushes at the home of Toomey's parents.

The pace has slowed only slightly since their marriage in December 1969. The day after they were wed, Toomey flew to New York to be on *Wide World of Sports*. Says Mary, "I'm probably the only wife in history who had to share her honeymoon with Howard Cosell." When they moved into their new home, Mary had to supervise the entire operation because Toomey was playing tennis with the Kennedys in Hyannis Port. Says Toomey, "I called her and said, 'Hi, honey, how you doing?' As I re-

continued



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call, her reply was something like, 'Get your funny home and help me move.'"

Toomey spends a lot of time making speeches to various groups around the country. At first he didn't charge a fee, but now he usually asks anywhere from \$250 to \$1,000. "After you won a gold medal at the Olympics, everybody wants to use your body," he says. "Everybody wants to have an Olympic champion, along with their resident pro football player, their local golf champion, their local tennis champion and the kid who won the Little League batting championship. They even invent awards to get you there. This is the typical phone call:

"Hi, Bill, hi. This is Fred Schwartz in Minneapolis. Get my telegram?"

"Yes, Mr. Schwartz, I'm delighted to learn I'm your athlete of the year."

"Well, Bill, heh-heh, actually you're our track athlete of the year. . . ."

"When you get to the banquet you find you're one of 25 guys sitting on an unsteady dais. And then it comes down to Award No. 400, the track athlete of

the year, and by this time the applause sounds like the end of *Laugh-In*. You know, clap . . . clap . . . clap. When it's over, the eats hand out white envelopes to the pros and when they get to me they say, 'Have a nice dinner, buddy?' "What's in the envelope?"

"Oh, that's for the pros. You don't want that, Bill. Naughty, naughty. You're an amateur athlete."

"Another thing I don't like about banquets is that athletes are commercialized to the point where you're expected to be Instant Morality. Add four glasses of water to a prime rib dinner and—shazam!—you're supposed to begin talking about God. But in my speeches I would rather tell stories or answer questions. Preaching is a dangerous game. Athletes have no credentials to preach, no right to tell people how to live. You can't present a simple formula: eight hours sleep, good food, don't drink, smoke or be naughty and you'll win the Olympics. That's simply not true. I know some athletes who are real criminals. They do

all the things that you're not supposed to do and they still win because they have a God-given ability. I think we should inform kids that not all athletes are the greatest examples of human dignity."

Toomey's friends think he has the looks, intelligence and personality to go into show business or politics. "He's losing his hair, though," says Mary. "He has to comb it just so, to cover his bald spots." Toomey is intrigued by show business, and he has already appeared on several TV talk shows ("I did the de-cathlon with Johnny Carson," he says. "I guess that was my first professional meet"). When ABC's *Wide World of Sports* covered the NCAA indoor track and field championships recently Toomey was the color man, and this summer he will do several meets for CBS. His dramatic debut came opposite Efrem Zimbalist Jr. As Toomey tells it:

"One night I came home beat to death after a workout. My body was moving like a paramcium into the dining room,

continued

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where I was going to absorb vast amounts of food and wine. The telephone rang. It was Warner Bros. They wanted me the next day to do a guest shot on *The FBI*.

"I froze, Efrem Zimbalist Jr. and me. Just like I always dreamed. They read me my lines. Both of them. I wrote 'em down and hung up. Thoreson happened to be handy and he began to coach me. The rest of the evening I worked on my two lines. I had 'em cold, so smooth I could hardly believe it myself.

"The next morning I had to get up at 4:30 to answer the makeup call. Another decathlete friend, Louis Jourdan, drove me to the studio. All the way down I'm practicing my lines. We go to the studio and all of a sudden they started barbering my hair off. I haven't got that much hair, folks, so I inquired how much more they were going to cut off. They told me I had to look like an agent. What's J. Edgar Hoover look like? I never saw the guy. He's a roommate of Howard Hughes. I went to the studio. They said, hey, man, you didn't get your hair cut. You're kidding, I said, they obliterated my hair. I had to get more hair cut off. The floor of the barbershop looked like there had been a big fight between a couple of bears.

"Finally it was time to roll 'em. Then they threw me a curve. My last line, instead of ending with 'they spend most of their time in the mountains hunting and fishing' was changed to '... hunting and trapping.' At that particular time it was a complete devastation of my mind. I had to learn my lines all over again. All the cats in there are coming up to me:

"Hey, you're Bill Toomey, aren't you?"

"... hunting and trapping, hunting and trapping..."

"How're ya doing, Bill?"

"... hunting and trapping, hunting and trapping..."

"The director was a very hang-loose guy, which was good. So here I was finally, digging the whole scene, and he said, 'O.K., Toomey, start your lines.' All of a sudden it was cold turkey. I forgot my lines. I said, 'Hey, what's my lines?' Everybody cracked up. On the decathlon scale, I fouled out."

Throughout all his ventures, Toomey manages to find time for training. "I'm not sure why I keep working out," he

says, "unless I'm following through with the neurosis that pushed me to an Olympic victory. After the Olympics, I kept telling everyone that I wasn't going to run track anymore. But the funny thing was, I always had a track suit packed in the back of my car. I'm like an alcoholic, you know, who had one hidden everywhere: one in the closet, one in the car, one in the beach house. One side of me would say: 'Hey, Bill, you're not going to run today, are you? When are you going to grow up and give up track?' Then the other side: 'But what about that track suit out in the car? It's clean, you know, and just think, you can break out that shirt with the block Olympic rings on it.' I can work out anywhere. Anyplace where I can move my legs four times in succession is a place to work out.

"Once Ron Whitney, the 400-meter hurdler, and I warmed up for a relay in a parking lot in Mexico City. I would run from the Mercury to the Lincoln and back to the Volkswagen. Another time I put up a bar across my bathroom door so I could practice pole-vaulting technique. Except the damn thing busted and I went into the toilet."

Toomey gets letters or calls from decathletes around the world who want to come to Santa Barbara. Many of them still believe he is an amateur and they want to know if he has started training for the '72 Olympics. Whether he is eligible or not, Toomey keeps working out, just in case, and he is still a keen student of the decathlon, so he encourages everyone to join him.

"I don't guess I'll ever get used to being a spectator," he said the other day. "I'll be sitting in the stands as an old man and saying, 'Gee, I wish I could do that.'"

Later, at home, the subject of Hodge was brought up again. An evil smile crossed Toomey's face, his eyes brightened and he went into his Hodge impersonation. This means throwing out his chest and lowering his voice several octaves.

"Ah, Roooooos Hodge," said Toomey. "Perhaps we can schedule a little competition. Not a regular workout, you understand, just an unofficial little workout. Hodge is a nice guy, a friend of mine, but I would clean his clock."

And then the King of the Workouts poured himself another glass of Red Mountain Vin Rosé.

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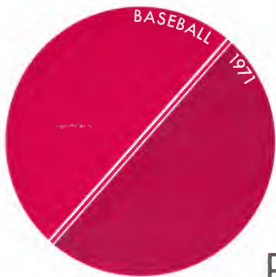
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YEAR OF THE PLAYER

For the past few seasons, baseball has been not concerned with how the rules change and how the game has changed. But now the men who play the game have had their luck. They had a good year.

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

It is not merely that this is a new season, more to the point, even before the season began there were signs that 1971 might be everything 1970 was not. In spring training, for instance, only two exhibition games were postponed because of bad weather, as a result, with few exceptions the players began the regular season this week in the best shape of their lives. Among other good omens, Charlie Finley fathered only one silly idea. Milwaukee managed to retain a franchise for a change and Dennis Duke McLean was not suspended even once. Hopes are so high in California that people are looking upon 1971 as the year of the first "Freeway World Series"—between the Dodgers and the Angels—assuming that such minor harassments as the Baltimore Orioles, Minnesota Twins, Cincinnati Reds and Pittsburgh Pirates can be pushed aside.

By contrast, just a spring ago newspapers in the West

were running pictures of a skeleton sitting on the mound in Seattle's abandoned ball park, scandal hovered over Detroit and the entire structure of the game resembled a \$15 jalopy chugging toward a drive-in pornography store. Can it really be that baseball has at last handed together? Yes, it could be, but don't bet that baseball executives as a group have at last seen the light at the end of the tunnel. Just hope they have, and that one of these days they will all march out together.

Even with paradise yet to be regained, this promises to be a superior season. Reggie Jackson, a hooding enigma in 1970, is hitting home runs again—long home runs and lots of them. Boog Powell (see cover) will try to become the American League's Most Valuable Player for a second time; with that goal in mind he already has done an abnormal amount of running. "Tell Jim Ryun that I'm coming after him this year," Powell

says. "I've been running a mile and a half every day and I'm lumbering the distance in about 12 minutes flat. In my league, that's movin' on."

The teams that trained in Arizona grew wise in the ways of the world when they played the Lotte Orions of Tokyo. "How does it feel to play against Japanese teams?" Rocky Bridges, a coach for the California Angels, was asked. "An hour after the game is over you feel like playing again," said Bridges. Even the Detroit Tigers, so stunned by injuries to pitchers that they faced the season opener with only two starters, Mickey Lolich and Joe Nickro, were talking about "Mickey and Joe and Pray for Show" (and, perhaps, taking a flyer on Dean Chance). Those Lotte Orions, according to some amazed San Francisco Giants, may have a better solution to the sore-arm problem. "They had no sore-arm pitchers," said the Giant clubhouse boss Lew Brinson. "It was magic. The trainer would tap the tender spot with a gold or silver needle as fine as a hair. He used no other medication. Apparently that was enough to relieve the pressure."

Indeed this looks like a year in which anything is possible. There is a magnificent new stadium in Philadelphia guaranteed to awaken that sleeping giant of a sports town, and a sparkling new second baseman in Boston, 25-year-old Doug Griffin, who has such fine hands he could field a ground ball with a pair of tweezers. While everyone is saying Los Angeles and Cincinnati in the West, a young Houston team is hiding in the AstroTurf ready to pull off a major surprise. Every San Diego Padre pitcher put down 2,000 bunts during training—although it is less than even money that before the season is very old they will blow the signs and start swinging away. Ron Swoboda has been traded by New York to Montreal, probably proving that the Mets have become terribly sophisticated snobs. Frank Howard, the Washington Monument, is said to have grown a little over the winter, and Shortstop Freddie Patek, at 5' 4", may just turn out to be the big man involved in the off-season deal between Kansas City and Pittsburgh. Red Schoendienst and Bing Devine are trying to put their house of Cards back together in St. Louis and Red's charming daughter Colleen sang the following parody to the tune of *Didn't We* at a baseball writers' dinner

in February: "Next time we better have the stuff again, hadn't we dad?/Next year we can't sit on our duff again, can we dad?/Twice now you've had the answers and the winning touch/But lately the other team's been too much./Next time let's get them on the run again, orders by Bing./Next time let's get in on the fun again, so Mama can sing./Next time we'll have no laggin' on the clamb./Next time we'd better end that long decline, /Hadn't we better make it next time?"

Tony Conigliaro, a swinging singer, has left Boston for Anaheim, and the meter marks on the Angel mail say, "New Faces . . . Going Places." The Angels probably will, although Conigliaro really doesn't have to go anywhere. Already he has settled into a duplex in Newport Beach where the girl next door is Raquel Welch. This time Richie Allen has landed in Los Angeles where he will raise attendance at Dodger Stadium as well as the mutual handle at Hollywood Park. In San Francisco it is supposed to be "The Year of the Fox" (in honor of Manager Charlie Fox), but one of the big years there could belong to a right-handed rookie pitcher named Steve Stone, who attended Kent State. The last Kent State rookie to break into the majors was the Yankees' Thurman Munson, Stone's college catcher.

The literature out of Cincinnati reads, "Right On Reds" and, despite a crippling set of pretraining and preseason injuries, the Reds are still awesome. Although he found General Manager Bob Howsam with a pocketful of fishbooks when he talked salary with him, Pete Rose is going to chase headlong after a seventh consecutive .300 year and a sixth season as a gatherer of 200 hits. (Ty Cobb holds the record for 200-hit years with nine, the last one coming in his 20th season. Rose now enters only his ninth.) Dave McNally, Mike Cuellar and Jim Palmer, Baltimore's three 20-game winners, are back to try and duplicate 1970, and should one wonder how the last three pitchers to win 20 games with the same team did the following year, he need only look up the combined 1957 records of Cleveland's Herb Score, Bob Lemon and Early Wynn. They were 22-29, compared with 60-32 in 1956.

It seems as though every talented youngster in America is trying to play for the Dodgers, and most of them are running straight at Maury Wills' shortstop job. Ross New-

continued

PLAYER'S YEAR *continued*

han of the *Los Angeles Times* caught the Wills situation this spring. He wrote: "Yes," says Maury Wills, "I know. I know they want to play. I know they think they can play. I know how it was for me." He is 38 now and he remembers the springs of his youth, of how he made himself into a player, of how he sat and waited for Pee Wee Reese to retire. Now they are at his doorstep—Bill Russell, Bobby Valentine, Tim Lincecum.

"I came to this camp for seven years," says Wills, "and each spring I'd be a little more confident. I'd be sure that this would be Pee Wee's last year. But, then, the new gloves would arrive from the manufacturer's, and he would unwrap him and fondle it and say, 'Well, this should last me another five years.' I'd see him look out of the corner of his eyes to make sure that I had heard, that I got the message."

Three interesting hitters return to make things more difficult for the pitchers. Rod Carew of the Minnesota Twins, who led the American League with a .332 average in 1969 and was batting .356 when a knee was injured during a base-running collision last June, is well and feisty again. So, too, is Tim McCarver of the Philadelphia Phillies, out for almost all of last year with a broken hand. "The hand has healed," McCarver says, "and I feel so good that it's scary." Hawk Harrelson rejoins the Indians completely recovered from a broken leg and, hopefully, purged of the final hairy story of the year. "When I was a kid," he said, "my hair caught on fire. The only thing they could find to put it out with was a baseball bat. I've still got the lumps on my head to prove it."

A vast change, finally, has taken place with the groping Chicago White Sox. They wear red socks now to better match their aggressive, happy personalities—or so management hopes.

The two biggest hitters not present when the season opened were Rico Carty of the Atlanta Braves and Bobby Tolan of Cincinnati. Carty, who led the majors last year with a .366 average, broke his left leg in winter baseball while Tolan suffered a torn Achilles' tendon playing basketball. The Reds can ill afford such a loss—Tolan hit .316 and led the majors in stolen bases with 57—which is compounded by the knee injury suffered by Lee May and the injuries to 20-game winner Jim Merritt and 14-game winner Wayne Simpson. Perhaps shell-shocked, the Reds decided, finally, that they should take no chances with their latest pitching sensation, 21-year-old Pat Osburn, and sent him out for more seasoning.

Not until last week did Brooks Robinson take the World Series glove out of his locker. It has had time to get warm enough to turn doubles into outs and start those magnificent double plays that yank Oriole pitchers out of bad innings. Now three years old, the glove gets interviewed almost as much as Robinson does. It does everything, and the Orioles are supposed to, too. They also are supposed to be a mortal lock to win another American League championship. But history holds hope for Detroit, Boston and

the Yankees in the American League East. No American League team except the Yankees has won three consecutive pennants since Detroit in 1909.

But in the end that most fragile of balances—the one between pitching and hitting—will decide, as it always does, just who wins what. Most pitchers believe that lowering the mound in 1969, plus squeezing the strike zone and adding "hypped-up" balls, made it almost impossible to pitch a shutout. The mound was lowered five inches following 1968 when 339 shutouts were thrown—far too many. During the 1969 season the number dropped to 300, and in 1970 it fell to 234, the lowest total in eight years. Teams like the Chicago White Sox, which had relied primarily on pitching, were no place.

During spring training this year several no-windup pitchers of the past were suddenly winding up again. Nelson Briles of the Pirates, one of those most bothered by the lower mound, said: "I'm not big enough to get a lot of push off the lower mound. I think the full windup will give me more momentum." The Giants' Juan Marchal was another hampered by the change. "I found it much harder to keep the ball low," he says, "particularly in the final three innings when I began to tire." Ferguson Jenkins of the Cubs says, "I was overstriding and landing on my heel instead of the ball of the foot. I used to get my added momentum from the depth of the mound."

Bob Gibson of the Cards, who enters the season needing 10 wins to join Jim Bunning (219) and Marchal (203) as the only active pitchers with 200 (Jim Kaat of Minnesota stands fourth with 156), says, "I have had baseballs in my hands in the last two years that felt like golf balls. In 1968 almost all my sliders were down. Now my good sliders are up in the hitter's eyes. It takes more effort to throw everything; you feel like you are pushing uphill all the time."

"But all the pitches are up. Heck, I hit .303 last year and I'm not a .300 hitter. When I hear fans talk I don't hear them getting too excited about those 8-7 things. Last year I pitched against Tom Seaver in New York and there was a lot of publicity about it and a lot of people showed up [50,555]. I wonder how many would have come out if it had been publicized as a 12-11 game?"

At the time the lower-the-mound rule and the pitched strike zone went into effect, only Houston's Astrodome had an artificial surface to help bury ground balls past fielders. This season starts with seven. If the runs begin to rise and the shutouts start to fall there will be some quick and loud reactions, and some surprising teams will be leading.

In baseball things have a way of changing swiftly and not always for the best. The promise of spring, however, seems fresh and green everywhere. Maybe, at last, this will be the year the fans have hoped for—one that belongs to the players. The game can use a respite from the affairs of management.

For a geometric view of baseball, followed by scouting reports by William Leggett, Roy Blount Jr. and Don DeLiquanti, a new rating system for pitchers and a look at the game's most successful operation, please turn the page.

"How an Accutron® watch movement helps me trap air polluters."



By Paul Rubenstein

I'm a photographer and I've lived in New Jersey most of my life.

It's been a good place to live except for one thing.

Sometimes polluted air would come down from the big industrial plants and you'd think you were going to die.

My blood would boil. But I'd ask myself, "What can one guy do about it?"

One day I decided it was time to find out. I began building a camera to trap air polluters.

In New Jersey you trap an air polluter by proving that he has released pollutants into the air for longer than three consecutive minutes.

To do that I gave my camera two lenses that worked simultaneously. One to take a picture of the place. One to take a picture of the time, on a built-in clock.

I used an Accutron tuning fork movement to impress the judge.

I thought I'd better have the right time if I wanted my pictures to hold

up in court. So I used an Accutron clock. Like every Accutron watch, it had a tuning fork movement that was guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.*

I figured that had to impress even a judge.

And it did.

For the past five years, my pictures have been accepted as legal evidence.

Through rain, sleet, 112° in the shade, my camera has kept going to trap air polluters. (Or to defend non-air-polluters.)

And through all that, the built-in Accutron clock has kept accurate time. Never giving me a moment's trouble.

As a matter of fact, it's on the job right now.

But just where, I'm not at liberty to say.

Date and Day.* A.D. One-piece case and mesh band in 14k solid gold. Hand-applied black and gold markers on a laser-textured silver dial. Dated every month. Protected against common watch hazards. \$990. Other styles from \$410.

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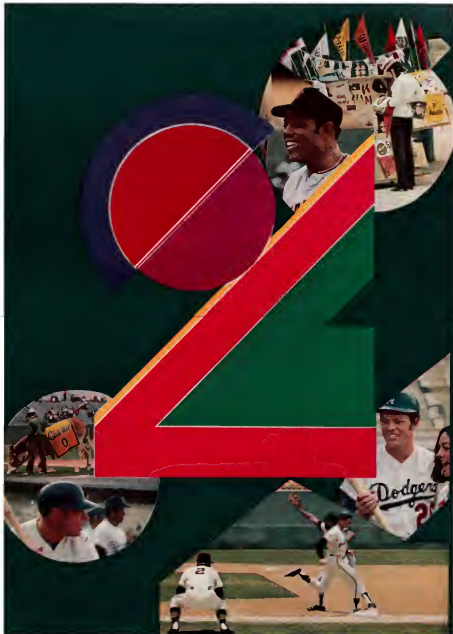


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A PLAIN CASE OF SOLID GEOMETRY

For Artist-Photographer Edward Kasper, baseball is more of a passion than a game. Even when he is coaching his little league team in Wilton, Conn.—one year to an undefeated season—he finds himself fascinated by the pure mathematics of the sport, what he calls “the clearness of its geometry. The diamond, the rectangular batter’s box are obvious. But consider the batter. When he swings he is solving an equation.” Last season Kasper went to California to watch major-leaguers and evoke in his own art forms his liking for baseball. “I wanted to capture the vivid color,” he says, “the clean lines.” The following pages show why Kasper views baseball as “my game.”











No matter how much you like your Bourbon, there's a good chance you'll like Benchmark more.

As a Bourbon drinker, you probably know a whole lot about the subject.

And have picked the Bourbon you call your own very, very carefully.

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"Measure your Bourbon against it."



to keep it so fine with Kasper. The
taste of Benchmark, the wonderful di-
rectness of the drink, the cleanness of
the field, the motion and the rhythm
make it the classic American sport."

SCOUTING REPORTS

NL EAST

Imagine a pennant race in which a team with a 2½-game lead leaves in August on an 11-game road trip to Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco and Montreal, loses eight games and comes home still half a game ahead. That happened to the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1970 and speaks volumes about the kind of division the National League East was. "I think," says Pirate slugger Willie Stargell, "we will not get away with it this time."

Maybe not, but one thing certain about the National League East today is that it is more bunched than ever. The Phillies, for instance, are at last pushing to join the leaders, and they have extra incentives galore: new cherry-red shoes; the league's latest and largest ball park, Veterans Stadium (capacity 56,371); a huge scoreboard featuring the team's newest symbols, Philadelphia Phil and Philadelphia Phyllis; and a history of awful ineptitude. Had not the 1950 Whiz Kids messed up and won a pennant on the last day, the Phillies would be entering their 55th year without a glimmer of success. "The new park is bound to help us," says Manager Frank Lucchesi. "I dropped by it during the winter and even the typists were typing faster."

Nobody expects the Phillies to take the division title. But they are sentimental favorites, at least in Philadelphia. The club suffered so many injuries in 1970 that it might have been more appropriate to field nine Ace bandages than a team. But the Phillies had grit and the fans cheered them for it. Now, at a time when money is supposed to be tight, the Phillies are headed for an opening-day sellout.

From a pure baseball standpoint, the team is an uneasy combination of old and young and has many lineup gaps. But none of them are in the pitching staff, assuming that Jim Bunning continues to get younger every year. At 39, Bunning is the oldest starting pitcher in the big leagues—he needs only seven strikeouts to pass Cy Young as the second greatest strikeout pitcher of all time—and he is still effective. Joining him are Barry Lersch, Rick Wise and Chris Short. Lersch, 26, came on strong at the end of last season and had an ERA of 3.00 as a starter. This followed what a Philadelphia press release called a "parade" from the bullpen. Wise, still only 25, has been the team's biggest winner for two seasons. For strong relief there are Dick Selma and Joe Hoerner.

The Phillie infield is three parts kids and one part Deron Johnson. Don Money hit .295 last season—a jump of 66 points—and became recognized as one of baseball's

ALL IN A BIG BUNCH AND BRAWLING

better third basemen. Larry Bowa is among the best defensive shortstops in the league and overcame a terrible April to hit .250 and steal 24 bases. Denny Doyle plays second despite a .208 year. "I am not going to

quit on him," says Lucchesi, "because we haven't seen the real Denny Doyle as yet." He has seen the real Deron Johnson and approves. Johnson knocked in 93 runs with 27 homers in 1970.

The outfield should be much stronger if Roger Freed, acquired from Baltimore this winter, can hit big-league pitching. With Rochester Freed smashed 24 homers, averaged .334 and knocked in 130 runs in 138 games. The Phillies won 10 more games in 1970 than they did in 1969. A similar improvement in the coming season could be interesting—very interesting.

The New York Mets, who did not perform very well in 1970, spent the winter in meditation instead of Las Vegas. It is hoped this desire not to let the chips fall where they may will help refurbish the splendid reputations of the 1969 Mets. Not that the 1970 team was all that tarnished. The pitchers, for instance, still had the best ERA in the league (3.45). Despite a losing 10-14 record, Jim McAndrew won many of his games when they meant the most to the club. Tom Seaver put together six- and nine-game winning streaks. The disappointments were Jerry Koosman (12-7), who threw only five complete games, Gary Gentry (9-9) and Nolan Ryan (7-11). It is now or never for the latter two, and they are working diligently to make it now.

Cleon Jones, whose good years coincide with fast starts, was cool in the early going last season, but the year was hardly a writeoff with a .277 average and 63 RBIs. Centerfielder Tommie Agee, with 24 homers, 75 RBIs and a .286 average, did even better than Jones despite suffering cartilage damage in his left knee. He is hoping his knee holds up and his strikeouts (156) are held down. The infield is solid and if First Baseman Donn Clendenon can come close to last year's performance (in 121 games he batted home 97 runs), the Mets can start brushing up those old Las Vegas acts.

Were it not for a history of one-shot champions—the Pirates have not won consecutive titles since 1902-03—Pittsburgh would have to be considered the logical favorite to win in '71. But also militating against the Pirates is last season's history. They took their division with only 89 victories, which was 11 fewer than when New York won the year before. Their victims were from their own

continued

If you've got the time,
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When it's time to relax, one beer stands clear. Beer after beer. **Miller**

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-an improvement in
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**TCP/2/ helps keep
your car in tune-
for good mileage
and fewer exhaust
emissions.**



- 1. TCP/2 helps keep your car in tune.** This helps hold down exhaust emissions in newer cars, reduce emissions in many older cars—and helps to keep your mileage up.

TCP/2 is Shell's name for a new combination of ingredients—what petroleum chemists call an “additive package.” It is an improvement over TCP, the famous gasoline additive developed by Shell some years ago.



Today almost all gasolines contain additive packages. They differ somewhat in what they do and how well they do it. TCP/2 is an effective additive package that provides an improvement in the performance of Shell gasolines.

The effects of TCP/2 can be summed up as *helping to keep your car in tune*. Two of the main pollutants in your exhaust—carbon monoxide and unburned hydrocarbons—can go up when your car goes out of tune.

It would not be unusual for these emissions to soar as much as 50 percent before you even suspect it. By the time your car tells you it

needs a tune-up, emissions can be extremely high.

By helping your car to stay in tune, TCP/2 helps to stave off that serious increase in emissions.

TCP/2 can also have a favorable effect on gasoline mileage. When your car goes out of tune your mileage tends to go down. TCP/2 works to keep that from happening.

Read on to find out how TCP/2 can actually *reduce* emissions from many older cars—and *increase* their gasoline mileage.

- 2. TCP/2 keeps new carburetors clean, and helps to clean up dirty ones. Works to hold emissions down and mileage up.**

When excessive deposits build up on the “throat” of your carburetor, your engine is no longer in tune. Emissions can rise dramatically, and mileage usually goes down.

If your car is several years old or more, deposits may have built up on your carburetor throat.

Although most of today's gasolines contain detergents that will keep clean carburetors clean, not all of today's detergents can cut down on these deposits once they've formed. TCP/2 does have that ability. It contains a new detergent combination that can start to clean up a dirty carburetor with just a few tankfuls of any Shell gasoline.

This can reduce exhaust emissions substantially. And it generally helps mileage, too.

- 3. TCP/2 in both Shell and Super Shell helps extend spark plug life. This helps to hold emissions down and keep your mileage up.**

When spark plugs misfire, a lot goes wrong. Emissions go up, mileage goes down, acceleration is reduced—and you have to buy new plugs.

One of the components of TCP/2 works to prevent spark plug misfire. It combines chemically with certain deposits that build up on your plugs, and keeps those deposits from interfering with the normal spark.

Result: no misfiring caused by deposits to send emissions up and your mileage down (not to mention the good effects on spark plug life and acceleration).

Shell pioneered components of this type and Shell gasolines were the first to contain them.

TCP/2 also helps smooth out rough running in many worn engines that have lost compression.

And one of its components is a special *anti-icing ingredient*. It helps prevent an annoying form of stalling caused by carburetor icing before your engine is fully warmed up on cool, damp days.

- 4. TCP/2 in non-leaded Shell of the Future helps protect against valve wear.**

One reason Shell of the Future can be made with no lead at all is a chemical element in TCP/2. This element works to protect your engine against possible valve wear.

Shell could have left some lead in Shell of the Future for the same purpose. But thanks to TCP/2 Shell has been able to remove all the lead.

Good mileage and fewer emissions—they can go hand in hand.



• Probably the most important thing you can do is get a tune-up. Over half of all cars on the road need a tune-up. If they all got one, total exhaust emissions in the U.S. would be reduced significantly and in most cases the effect on mileage would be favorable. You

probably need a tune-up if your car is hard to start, runs rough—or if you haven't had one in 12 months.

• Then, to help your car stay in tune, use a Shell gasoline with new TCP/2. This will work to hold your emissions down—and to keep your mileage up.



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Penneys new woven Fortrel polyester slacks.

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Choose from our great colors, and Continental or belted styles.

If you can find slacks that match all our features, they won't match our everyday price.

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The values are here every day.

NL EAST *continued*

division—against the Cubs, Mets, Cards and Phils they were 48-24—and 20 of their wins were by one run. A little push the other way and the Pirates could be awash in their own Three Rivers.

Oh, not really awash, says Danny Murtaugh, the (now) imperturbable man who manages Pittsburgh. He likes his newest club at this same early stage more than the one that finished on top last year. Pitching has been added by trades for Bob Johnson of Kansas City, who struck out more hitters than any American League right-hander and worked more innings in 1970 than any Pirate, and Nelson Briles, who has shucked his "no-windup" delivery in an attempt to become the 19-game winner he was before the pitching mound was lowered two years ago. "Sometimes a trade is the best thing for a ballplayer because it makes him take stock of himself," says Briles. The team is also counting on Dave Gustin, whose superb relieving, especially before the All-Star break, kept the Pirates' pitching in balance, and Jim Grant, who arrived from the Oakland A's late last summer, who was just in time.

With Forbes Field now but a memory, powerful Willie Stargell, who hit seven of the 18 longest homers ever projected over the right-field roof there, should find the shorter reaches of Three Rivers Stadium far more approachable. And now more Pirate power can come from Bob Robertson, Al Oliver, Catcher Manny Sanguillen and maybe Richie Hebner, who was hitting long drives this spring. The ever-aching Roberto Clemente can be counted on to hit .300. Murtaugh hopes he can also be counted on to appear in more games than last year (108).

Position for position, as has been noted too often in recent years, the Chicago Cubs are the best team in the National League. It is probably more to the point that, position for position, they are the league's most frustrating team. Maybe, just because nobody is really expecting it this time, they might win the pennant their fans have dreamed of since 1945. Manager Leo Durocher would like that. It has been rumored that the Cubs' next stumble will be their last under Durocher.

Because of damaged cartilage in his left knee last year, Catcher Randy Hundley appeared in only 73 games. In those games, however, Chicago's winning percentage was .612. (Pittsburgh's for the season was .549.) "I hit well when I came back from the injury," Hundley says, "but it caught up to me in September. It's tough recovering from knee surgery."

Ron Santo (.267, 114 RBIs) led the team through the final 22 games with a .375 average. Don Kessinger at shortstop and Glenn Beckert at second gave the Cubs the strongest double-play combination in the division and Durocher has many options at first base and in the outfield, with Joe Pepitone, Jim Hackman and Ernie Banks being the key figures. He has but one option with Billy Williams in left. Play him. Williams' 1970 season was the sort that people write ballads about: first in the league in runs scored (137) and total bases (373); tied for first in number of hits (205); second in homers (42) and RBIs (129). It seems too much to ask for that kind of thing again, but one look at his velvet swing and it is hard to imagine him not having another brilliant season.

Chicago picked up Milt Pappas from Atlanta in late June. He ended up 12-10, had the Cubs' best ERA and was the only National League pitcher to shut out the Cincinnati Reds. In the past Pappas has not been much of a man for finishing games, and it is this little quirk that could unsettle Chicago's four-start rotation. The front three—Ferguson Jenkins, Ken Holtzman and Bill Hands—is the best in the division, with 115 victories over the last two seasons. Jenkins now has had four consecutive years as a 20-game winner, but in 1970 he also lost a lot of games. Durocher believes this was caused by overwork and is counting on Pappas to take the pressure off Jenkins by allowing him to start fewer games.

Late last year St. Louis cost the Cubs a good chance of winning the East Division by beating Chicago in a doubleheader by identical scores, 2-1. It was the highlight of an otherwise terrible season in which the Cards, who won 101 games in 1967, could manage only 76 wins three years later. Busch Stadium has now become the Greyhound station of baseball, with people coming and going at a frenetic pace. Manager Red Schoendienst needs 49 days to surpass Branch Rickey's record of tenure as a Cardinal manager and he will probably make that, but a poor start could find him looking for a bus in no time.

The Cards still have certain elements of class. There is no finer pitcher in the game than Bob Gibson, few more electrifying players than Lou Brock, and Joe Torre's 203 hits and .325 average in 1970 were remarkable tributes to what a man can do when he goes on a diet. Jerry Reuss is developing into a good pitcher and Steve Carlton, a 19-game loser after his spring holdout last season, can become a winner again if his mental approach catches up with his physical qualities.

The Cardinals are trying to stress pitching, speed and defense and they at least have speed. Ted Sizemore, the key man in the trade that sent Richie Allen to Los Angeles, is a good infielder but he hit only one home run in 1970, compared to Allen's 34. Matty Alou was picked up from the Pirates and is expected to spray his all around the St. Louis AstroTurf, as will the opposition, when Alou joins Brock and Jose Cardenal in the outfield. The Cardinal bullpen, a disaster last year, might be improved with Frank Linzy ready for a full season and Moe Drabowsky switching leagues.

Last year Gene Mauch's announced goal for the Montreal Expos was to "Win 70 in '70." Despite a 1-10 start and an 11-game losing streak in May-June, Montreal won 73 games. So in '71 the rhyme has been upped by 11. "We'll make a run at 81," says Mauch, who must have Ernie Banks writing his lines. Should Montreal win 81 it will have a fine season and Jarry Park will be even more fun than it was last year when the Expos pulled in 1,424,683 people.

The Expos will have, presumably, a healthy Carl Morton all this year. Last season he was out of the starting rotation for the first month and still won 18 games. They should also have more offense at second base with the arrival of Ron Hunt from San Francisco. Rusty Staub (30 homers) and Bob Bailey (26) give Montreal power. But pitching remains the big problem. It tends to melt along with the spring snows.

CONTINUED

FROM THE START IT'S 'GERONIMO'

NL WEST

The question here, simply put, is who is going to get the jump? The Cincinnati Reds got it last year, winning 62 of their first 88 games. The Houston Astros, whom some had seen as a very strong dark horse (without realizing exactly how dark: the Astros had to come on strong to finish fourth), got whatever is the opposite of the jump. The gripper, maybe. And this year? It will be the Dodgers. Has to be.

All the Dodgers will be available from the outset, even pitcher Don Sutton, who will no longer have to spend the first week of the season in the reserves. They can outpitch, outrun, outfield and outyoungster the Reds. And this year—shades of Snyder, Robinson, Campanella and Furillo—they will even get some extra-base hits.

The man who will produce these is Richie Allen. Nearly 45%, of Allen's lifetime hits have been doubles, triples or home runs. The balls leap off his bat, and the Dodgers hope to leap with them. Two years ago Allen was in Philadelphia writing "no" in the base paths with his toe and building up a reputation as a forbidding person. Last year he was in St. Louis and doing just enough with his bat there for people to dream about platooning a statue of him with Stan Musial's outside Busch Stadium. Unfortunately, he hardly stayed the season.

This year Allen is in Los Angeles, even farther from Philadelphia, and ever more amiable. In training camp he was to be seen taking down batting practice, chatting with Japanese newsmen, smiling warmly at tiny old ladies down from Atlanta, being gracious to the hired man assigned to feed his pitching machine ("I'd like to hit some more balls, but I'd like you to have a chance to sit down awhile, too"), saying "Where you goin', hoss?" to obscure rookies and clumping all over the hill in left field at Vero Beach making catches. He was hitting, too. He blasted one ninth-inning fly ball so far that Willie Davis scored the winning run on it all the way from second.

Allen and Davis alone, not to mention the new Wes Parker with his 111 RBIs or Bill Grabarkewitz, mean power and speed, but the Dodgers don't lack in defense or pitching either. Last year the L.A. takeoff was hampered by the effects of hepatitis on reliever Pete Mikkelsen and starter Bill Singer. So far this year neither man has so much as broken out with a rash. Singer, Sutton and Claude Osteen give the team three solid starters. Two others, the impeccably named Sandy Vance or Doyle Alexander, could be a boyish fourth. New catcher Duke Sims, Hawk Harrelson's old friend from the Cleveland Indians, will also

hit some home runs, the infield and outfield are basically young and strong, and 38-year-old Maury Wills is going around saying he has not lost any speed, "only a little acceleration."

The Reds, meanwhile, will be greeting the dawn not as the team that went 62-26 before the All-Star break last year but as the team that went 40-34 after it and was given the bird by the Orioles in the World Series. The arms of starters Jim Merritt and Wayne Simpson, which began to show signs of serious deterioration in the second half of last season, are still bad, and the Reds will again be playing in their new spacious stadium instead of the friendly Crosleys of confine field, or however the phrase went. After they moved into Riverfront Stadium in 1970 the Reds hit fewer home runs than they had in their pleasant old ball park, with its high-rise outfield and all. They are also missing centerfielder Bobby Tolan, who hit .316, stole 57 bases and scored 112 runs last year. Tolan, one of the many frustrated basketball players on the Cincinnati baseball team, went after a loose ball while playing for the Reds' off-season and out-of-favor basketballers during the winter, and his Achilles' tendon snapped. At best he will be available for limited duty in late May.

The Reds still, of course, have Pete Rose, though he may not be widely recognized around the league because his familiar bushy crew cut has given way to a styled, combed-down look. They also have Tony Perez, who has wonderful first halves of seasons but seems to tire badly by the middle of summer, and one Johnny Bench, who by himself equals the whole bench of a lot of teams. There is a posse of young pitchers, including one brand new one, a 21-year-old lefthander named Larry (Pat) Osburn who last year had a 0.92 ERA playing NCAA ball for Florida State University. He improved that to 0.90 in the instructional league this winter. If he can get down to 0.88 or so in the National League, the Reds will get their jump back after all.

Can Roadrunner get the jump? Roadrunner is the new offensive weapon of the Atlanta Braves. Ralph Garr is his Christian name, and he has led four leagues in hitting and stolen bases. Last year at Richmond Roadrunner Garr hit .386, which was his best mark since the year he hit .568 at Grambling. That, incidentally, was the only place where Garr was ever considered "not particularly fast," as he puts it. Braves' Vice-President Paul Richards claims that two different scouts have clocked Garr going from home to first in three seconds flat. That would make Garr the

fastest home-to-first ballplayer on record anywhere, and the figure should not be accepted without a public administering of the scout's oath.

This year when Garr reaches first—he hits almost nothing but singles—the Atlanta scoreboard will flash appropriate animated scenes and the calliope erected behind right field will go “beep-beep” just like the movie cartoon roadrunner. The Braves negotiated at some boring length for the exclusive big-league baseball rights to use the “beep-beep” roadrunner on their scoreboard. They could live to regret the deal as the redundant beeps ruin Garr’s base-stealing surprises. But he and the beeps surely will get the fans involved.

That calliope was constructed in Antwerp, Belgium in 1890 to replace an orchestra in a French skating rink. Last year the Braves could have used it to replace a 25-piece ball club. This season should be different. The Braves not only have Roadrunner, they also have pitchers Cecil Upshaw and Ron Reed back at last. Upshaw jumped when he should not have early last year while showing friends how to dunk a basketball and snagged his finger on an awning. The showoff hit cost him the whole season. Reed, who won 18 games for the Braves in 1969, was out with a broken collarbone early last year. He ended with a 7-10 record and a barely respectable 4.40 ERA.

The Braves may have found a good shortstop. He is Marty Perez, acquired from the Angels’ organization. Last season the Braves were an easy last in the league in double plays with 118. Perez claims to have been in on 69 double plays in 40 minor league games last year, and the man he created this magic with was not a second baseman at all, but a misplaced first baseman. Bunting champion Rico Carty, who broke his knee fielding a ball in winter ball, will not be back until June at the earliest, but what Bud Henry Aaron does with a bat is still as bad as can be done to a pitcher, and the Braves’ gains should offset the early loss of Carty.

Choosing between the Giants and the Astros is difficult. “If the Astros get the kind of start the Reds got last year,” says San Diego Manager Preston Gomez, “they could go all the way.” “If anybody gets that kind of start,” says Giant Manager Charlie Fox, “it could be us.” Both teams outplayed the Reds in the stretch. After losing eight straight in April and standing 37-51 at the All-Star break, Houston closed with a 42-32 push. San Francisco came on strongly in the last six weeks. And this year Juan Marichal will not be sidelined early by a near fatal reaction to penicillin, which is what happened to him early last season. In fact, nobody at the Giants’ Casa Grande camp in southern Arizona looked to be in better shape than Marichal or, for that matter, worked harder at keeping himself in condition.

Again the Giants will have Willie Mays, who at almost 40 is still more May than September; Bobby Bonds, who last year surpassed his own all-time major league strikeout record with 189 but who also hit .302 with 200 hits and 26 home runs and says, “Striking out bothers other people more than it does me”; Ken Henderson, who hit .294 in 1970 and gives every indication of doing at least as well in the coming season; Gaylord Perry, who won 23 games last year with or without the aid of a foreign substance; Dick Dietz, who hit .300;

reliever Don McMahon, who was a high school classmate of Oakland Raiders’ general manager Al Davis in Brooklyn and off whom left-handers got slightly more than a hit for every 10 tries at bat; and the colossus, Willie McCovey, baseball’s premier slugger. But they also have an infield that is understandably uneasy after making 122 errors last year, and aside from Marichal and Perry the pitching is all but anonymous.

The Astros, like the Giants, have a number of pluses. They have such an outfield—Jim Wynn, the Tony Cannon, in right, the 20-year-old sensation, Cesar Cedeno, in center and Bob Watson in left—that Jesus Alou, who led all the Alous in hitting last year with .306, has to sit on the bench. They have a good infield with rough and red-headed Doug Rader at third, swift Joe Morgan at second, Roger Metzger, a new acquisition, at short and Dennis Menke, who played six positions last year, at first base, a position from which he will find it hard to make the All-Star team, since the ballot lists him as a shortstop. The Astros had the good nature this spring to let Jim Bouton suit out with them for the sake of his TV program—after his other former teammates, the Yankees, indicated they preferred he take his mike and tape elsewhere. And they have earned the gratification of name enthusiasts everywhere by signing Scipio Spinks and Cesar Geronimo. Spinks, who last year declared that “with my name I will have to be either a flake or one of the game’s greatest pitchers, and I’m not flakey,” appears to be a year away from being even a major-leaguer, but Geronimo, a reserve outfielder, may have arrived, and not necessarily by parachute. If a team can’t get a jump with a man named Geronimo it will never get a jump.

The San Diego Padres are last partly as a matter of tradition but they are not the kind of people who like living in a basement. Says that original Padre, Downtown Ollie Brown: “In 1969, our first year, you could tell the other clubs were overlooking us because they would use their second-line pitchers. But last year we got the long ball and we got respect.” And presumably tougher pitching. Despite that, Brown hit 23 homers and .292; Clarence Gaston 29 and .318; Nate Colbert 38 and .259. The Padres were third in the league in team home runs. However, they were slow and pitching-poor, and they are still not pitching-rich. Tom Phoebus takes Pat Dobson’s place as a result of a trade with the Orioles, and the Padres still have Clay Kirby, who in 1970 earned some kind of place in the annals of sports paths by being lifted for a pinch hitter after eight no-hit innings. San Diego gave a look this spring to Darcy Fast, a reliever from the Cubs’ organization, and why not. The Reds, as if Bench wasn’t enough, tried a catcher named Plummer and the Yankees looked at a Look. But what’s in a name?

The Padres do have more speed this year. They have Don Mason from the Giants to play second. At third, Ed Spiezio caused a minor stir by not signing as readily as the Padres would have liked, but then he was coming off a fairly decent season. So was Enzo Hernandez, with Rochester in the minors. The Padres picked him up from the Orioles, who hated to see him go. He is Venezuelan, his idol is Luis Aparicio, and he has been referred to as Roadrunner. Names, names, names.

CONTINUED

PITCHING SECRETS

George Sisler, who hit .420 in 1922 and had a lifetime batting average of .340, "would simply feel a sense of sorrow," Branch Rickey once said, "for anybody who disagreed with him about hitting." The estimable Mr. Rickey did not live long enough to find out what Sisler and his son George Jr. felt about another of baseball's arts, pitching. It is a talent, they have concluded, that has been much misjudged.

For four years George Jr., who is president of the International League, has studied methods for evaluating the effectiveness of pitchers. He decided that there were few worse measuring sticks than the earned run average.

"The ERA fools a lot of people," he says, "because in many cases it is affected by the manager. A pitcher might work for a manager who tends to go too long with him; the fate of another might rest in the hands of a man with a quick hook but a weak bullpen."

So Sisler and his father developed their own system for ranking pitchers. The results, which appear below and on the following pages, are somewhat startling. Herb Score, for instance, with barely more wins than losses, is seventh on the alltime list. Dick Selma, 8-9 with the Phillies in 1970, was the second most efficient pitcher in the National League according to the Sislers. The most ef-

THE BEST OF ALL TIME

PITCHER	LIFETIME RECORD
SANDY KOUFAX	203-87
DE WILDER	194-100
DON NUTTALL	204-203
WALTER JOHNSON	415-277
CHRISTY MATHERSON	287-186
CHIEF BEIDER	268-127
HERB SCORE	88-86
DAVEY VANCE	197-140
WESLEY DEAN	150-83
WHITEY FORD	226-106
BOON ROBERTS	223-243
GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER	374-268
CARL HUBBELL	283-154
DON NEWCOMB	142-90
CT YOUNG	202-220
WARRER SPANK	243-248
LETTY GOMEZ	182-132
BOB FELLER	236-162
RAL NEWHouser	297-130
RUDE MARSHALL	205-177

ficient in either league in 1970 was a player who was almost unknown, Tom Hall of the Minnesota Twins. Hall won 11 games and lost six, but the Sislers figured he was worth many more points than teammate Jim Perry, who was 24-12.

All of which might suggest that there is something frivolous about the Sisler ratings. But there isn't. The numerical values represent a combination of performance and potential. While the Sislers will not divulge their precise formula, they admit that they take into consideration earned run averages and wins and losses. "But," says George Jr., "those only tell you what kind of team a pitcher plays for, not how good he is. But walks are important, very important." Beyond that he refuses to go.

Major league teams take the Sisler system seriously, especially the Baltimore Orioles. Harry Dalton, Oriole director of personnel, saw that the 1968 Sisler figures ranked Mike Cuellar, 8-11 with the Houston Astros, as one of the best pitchers in the National League. Baltimore got Cuellar in a trade and he responded by winning 23 games in his first season as an Oriole and 26 in the next. This year the Orioles traded for two more pitchers high on the Sislers' list—Pat Dobson and Tom Dukes of San Diego. Dobson ranks 15th. Dukes does not appear because he worked fewer than 100 innings, but in those he had 1,130 efficiency points. The Sislers suspect the well-padded Orioles may have feathered their nest again by heeding George Sr. and Jr.—and ignoring ERAs.

CONTINUED



CHARTS BY ABDOU TAKRANAH

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE'S BEST—1970

PITCHER	1970 RECORD	EFFICIENCY RATING
TOM SEAVER-NETS	18-12	1088
DICK SELMA-PHILS	8-9	1081
FERGUSON JENKINS-CUBS	23-10	1066
BELL SINGER-DODGERS	8-6	1179
BOB GIBSON-CARDINALS	23-7	1066
DAVE GIUSTI-PIRATES	9-3	968
JIM McANDREW-NETS	10-14	870
GAYLORD PERRY-GIANTS	23-13	833
DOH SUTTON-DODGERS	15-15	827
CHUCK TAYLOR-CARDINALS	9-7	818
BARRY LERSCH-PHILS	6-5	804
CLAY CARROLL-REDS	9-4	798
WAYNE SIMPSON-REDS	14-5	790
PAT JARVIS-BRAVES	15-10	788
*PAT DOBSON-PADRES	14-12	788
PHIL NIEKRO-BRAVES	12-10	785
GARY HOLAN-REDS	12-7	785
KEN HOLTZMAN-CUBS	17-11	780
WOODY FRYMAN-PHILS	8-6	785
MILY PAPPAS-BRAVES/CUBS	10-10	780

*Traded to Baltimore Orioles

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE'S BEST-1970

PITCHER

1970 RECORD

EFFICIENCY RATING

TOM HALL-TWINS	11-6	9477
BAN HEDGECOCK-RED SOX	20-12	9170
LINDY WILKINS-PALADIN	9-5	9000
STAN WILLIAMS-TWINS	10-1	9000
BOB JOHNSON-ROYALS	9-13	9001
BOB GUTTER-TWINS	10-9	9001
ANDY MORGENTHAU-ANGELS	11-10	9001
KEN GAST-RED SOX	9-9	9007
JOHN HOLLER-TIGERS	6-8	9000
RAY GULP-RED SOX	17-14	9000
JOE PERRY-TWINS	24-12	9007
NARTY PATTIN-BROWERS	16-12	9007
MED CUSLAR-ORIOLES	24-8	9000
WILSON WOOD-WHITE SOX	9-12	9000
RUDY WAT-ANGELS	7-13	9100
JOE CRANT-A'S	5-2	9000
JOE PALMER-ORIOLES	20-10	9007
FRITZ PETERSON-TANKERS	20-11	9001
BOBBY BOWEN-RED SOX	15-8	9001
BOB BOWEN-T-ANGELS	24-9	9000

*Traded to Pittsburgh Pirates

SCOUTING REPORTS

WHERE TANGIBLES GET TANGLED

AL WEST

"Anything," the Swede said as tremendous spiders came after him in the Ingmar Bergman movie, "can happen." During its first two unstimulating seasons, even giant tarantulas would have had a hard time stirring up

interest in the American League West. Now, suddenly, something might happen. Consider the possibilities:

1) A team that 12 months ago looked like the perfect neighbor for Disneyland—the California Angels—has acquired major league bite. It could be the most interesting team in the division—or even the best.

2) If California bites, the hiten will be the Minnesota Twins, who have never before had to cope with such a possibility.

3) Charles O. Finley—owner of the Oakland A's—could finally have a team as aggressive as he is.

On the hazardous premise that the most interesting bet is the best one, take the Angels first. Andy Messersmith, who looks like Ryan O'Neal of *Love Story* but chews tobacco, says, "I'd like to do it up big, if you know what I mean. I would like to see it come down to the last day of the season, me pitching, and we win it 3-2. We certainly look good on paper, don't we? But there are a lot of intangibles involved."

The first intangible is Messersmith. Last year he had arm trouble, rib cage trouble and minimal rapport with Manager Lefty Phillips. When Messersmith was right he was unhittable. Unfortunately, he was hittable far more often than he was right. Still, he has as heady a load of stuff as was ever intercepted on the Mexican border, and if he is fully functional this season he should give the Angels another intangible, one that new Angel Tony Conigliaro alludes to when he says: "We have talent, but I've been on talented teams before. You need something more—like the spirit we had in 1967 when Boston won the pennant. Guys were on their feet in the dugout, cheering every batter."

Last year, with Phillips exercising nonelectrifying leadership and Alex Johnson, the league's leading hitter, behaving so unaffably that his wife apologized to the wives of the other players for his behavior toward their husbands, the Angels were hardly fraternal. But then they were not all that strong either, and muscle, the organization keeps telling itself, can lead to brotherhood. With Conigliaro and Ken Berry joining Johnson, the team should have significantly more offense in the outfield. It should have significantly more defense, too, if the fleet Berry in center is not worn to a nub ranging to his left and right cov-

ering for the other two.

Jim Fregosi, who batted in 82 runs in 1970 and had 22 homers, Ken McMullen, Sandy Alomar and Jim Spencer remain a good infield. The starting pitchers—Messersmith, Rudy May,

Tom Murphy, Jim Maloney and last year's 22-victory surprise, Clyde Wright—are the deepest group in the division. The lone area of concern there is Maloney, whose injured Achilles' tendon kept him from winning a game for Cincinnati last year. Maloney is neither as strong nor as fast as he used to be, but he is making up for the few infirmities of advancing middle age (he will be 31 this June) with guile. The California bullpen is not as strong as it was, however, with the departure of Ken Tatum.

Minnesota has three starters of note—Jim Perry, the Cy Young Award winner, Realbert Blyleven and Tommy Hall, who ranks No. 1 on the Sider scale (page 73), an astounding 307 points higher than the American League's second most effective pitcher. But after those three comes the deluge—or rather the Twins had better pray for a deluge every fourth day. "Perry, Blyleven, Hall and let the rain fall" does not seem as well as that old Spahn-Sain thing, but it may add up to more wins because the Twins have two of the best short relievers in the business, Ron Perzanowski and Stan Williams.

Although they seem venerable in spots, the rest of the Twins look formidable, too. Rotund Harmon Killebrew, 34, doubtlessly has more 40-homer seasons tucked away. Leo Cardenas is ready to prove that his 32 years are the blush of youth, and Tony Oliva and Cesar Tovar are in their playing primes. Manager Bill Rigney says the Twins will run more this year, which is what they did in their pennant years of '65 and '69 and forgot to do in '70 when Rod Carew, who is mended now and ready to take up where he left off last season with a .366 average, broke his leg. But the Twins will have to be improved if they want to outdo the Angels.

For three years Oakland has been promises, promises. The A's still are promising, but the assets they will draw on are real—and sometimes unreal. They have, for example, an honest pitcher in Chuck Dobson, who has admitted that he takes greenies (when he has to pitch with the flu) but thinks his pill-popping has been blown up way out of proportion, a redeemed moving man in Second Baseman Dick Green (he announced in the winter that he was going to quit baseball forever and remain in Rapid City, S. Dak. and devote his time to his trucking busi-

ness) and established talents in Sal Bando, Rick Monday, Felipe Alou and Campy Campaneris. In addition, Oakland has a happy Reggie Jackson. Last year Jackson developed such strained relations with his employer that while scoring after one of his rare (23) home runs he looked at Finley in the stands and shouted an alarming suggestion. This spring Jackson chuckled the heavy-handed repartee, reported to camp on time after tending to his real estate business in Tempe, Ariz. and started hitting home runs as soon as the exhibition schedule began. One reason for this was his choice of winter bosses. Jackson played in the Puerto Rican league, and Frank Robinson was his manager.

"Frank and I spent seven weeks together," says Jackson. "We were very close, always talking baseball, sometimes as many as five solid hours. Let me tell you that Frank understands baseball and he understands people. And he just has to win. When I went to play for him, I was down and we both knew it. But he was very patient and helpful with me. He talked to me and taught me a few things, too. Then one day I hit a pitch that was on the outside corner over the left-center-field fence and I knew I was back. Frank told me, 'You have nothing to do now but go up.'"

The A's pitching staff could go down. It has some lovable names on it—Blue Moon Odom, Catfish Hunter, Vida Blue and Rollie Fingers—but only Blue is improving. Blue Moon has been temporarily reduced to a crescent by an operation to remove a bone chip from his elbow and Fingers has lost his touch. Hunter has been winning but his ERA has been rising.

One of Oakland's unmeasurable quantities is its new manager, Dick Williams, who guided the '67 Red Sox cited by Conigliaro. Finley says he finally has a manager "who can stand up and be counted." That is an odd way to put it, because people have been counting Finley's managers—11 so far—since he bought the A's. Maybe Bando puts it better than Finley: "We need a guy to kick us in the rear now and then." Williams, who is no shrinking violet, will surely oblige.

What remains is the Western Division's second division. Nobody knows what is going on down there. The Kansas City Royals, to begin with, are an enigma. They have a widely admired front office, and widely respected front-line pitching. But the pitchers are high-potential youngsters, not proven quantities, and strange things happen to youthful arms. Behind the pitching are Amos Otis, the former Met who has become a fine centerfielder and a good hitter, Bob Oliver and Lou Piniella who add power (they had most of the team's RBIs last year), and Freddie Patek, who the Royals picked up from the Pirates after last season. Patek is not only the smallest man in the majors but a good shortstop; at least he is as long as the ball doesn't take a high hop.

If the Royals have modest hopes, so do the Milwaukee Brewers, what with not having to change names and home towns this spring as they did last, when they were the Seattle Pilots, then the Sewaukee Pipers and finally the team that, under Dave Bristol, rose from the cellar to a winning percentage of over .400 (.401 to be exact). The Brewers have Tommy Harper, who had nearly as good a set of

statistics last year as the league's MVP, Boog Powell; Marty Pattin, who won 14 games and did not lose that many; reliever Ken Sanders, who is all but unknown but whose 1.76 ERA last season should earn him some notoriety; and Outfielder Dave May, who is noteworthy for being one of the six players named May in the majors. The Brewers also have a new general manager, Frank Lane, whose most recent stop was with Baltimore. Within a month after assuming office, trader Lane made four deals. One of them landed Outfielder Bill Voss. "This gives us the novelty," said Lane, "of having somebody in right field who can catch a fly ball." Another trade brought Catcher Elie Rodriguez from Kansas City. But Lane is still in the market for a shortstop to go along with steady Ted Kubiak, his second baseman.

And last come the Chicago White Sox who, in an attempt to kindle interest, will wear red socks this season and be represented on Midwest (but not Chicago) radio by a controversial voice: "It might be . . . it could be . . . it is . . ." Harry Caray.

This is a critical year for the Sox, who drew only 495,355 customers in 1970, compared to the Cubs' 1,642,705, and are nearing the end of a five-year, \$5 million TV contract. John Ailyn bought the team from his brother, Arthur, in late 1969 and the Sox rewarded him with more losses (106) than any Chicago team ever. By Aug. 17 this year the White Sox will have had T-shirt day, batting-glove day, bat day, helmet day, banner day, cushion day, four photo-mug nights, poster night, a father-son game and an oldtimers' game. Occasionally, they may even have a baseball day.

On the field the Sox are going back to pitching, speed and defense, the only things that will work in spacious White Sox Park. One exception to speed and patty-cake is Carlos May, who has moved his hands down on his bat for more power after choking up last year; at that he hit a remarkable .285 following the removal of most of his thumb by an Army-camp moriar round. Another is Lee Mayo, the team's ace pinch hitter, who describes himself as "a Smokey Burgess with soul." A Willie McCovey is more what the White Sox need. And Mike Andrews, a second baseman acquired from the Red Sox, can hit even if his fielding is slightly suspect.

In one game last year there were two men out—White Sox innings all seem to start with two men out—a runner was on base and a fly ball was hit to the outfield. Coach Luke Appling began to windmill his arms vigorously, urging the runner to go as far as possible in case the ball was dropped. As the ball descended, Appling realized that the opposing bench was laughing at him. His runner had already wandered off to get his glove. Under new Manager Chuck Tanner, who last year led the Hawaii Islanders of the Pacific Coast League to a .671 winning percentage, base runners will probably run. And under new pitching Coach Johnny Sam, the worst staff in the league should improve. In his first year at both Minnesota and Detroit Sam taught the art of pitching well enough to lower each team's ERA roughly half a run. This spring Sam told the White Sox pitchers to hold the ball as though it were an egg and, at a certain point in the delivery, to crush it. If they crush it, maybe the hitters won't.

CONTINUED

ALAS, IT WILL BE A SHAMBLES

AL EAST

Just a year ago the Baltimore Orioles seemed almost human. They had lost a World Series to the New York Mets and the possibility existed that the defeat would so shatter their confidence that Detroit or Boston or New York would walk all over them in spikes.

No way. The Orioles became truly inhuman in 1970. They wore the spikes, everybody else fled in sneakers. At least that is the way it must have felt all season long to the other teams in the American League and then to Cincinnati in the Series. The Orioles clinched the divisional championship on Sept. 17, rubbing it in by finishing the year with an 11-game winning streak and leaving New York, the second-place team, 15 games back. Then they removed Minnesota in three straight before humbling the Reds in five games. Now Las Vegas has them favored by 1 to 3 to win their division and start it all over again. Somehow, the odds don't seem terribly short.

A better bet is that Earl Weaver once again will not be named the league's Manager of the Year. An excellent tactician who also happens to be colorful and cooperative and able to keep his pitching in order and his athletes orderly, Weaver obviously has not impressed all those old Yankee fans who think their mothers could manage the Orioles. Well, maybe their mothers could.

On his lineup card Weaver normally lists Boog Powell at first, Dave Johnson at second, Mark Belanger at short and Brooks Robinson at third. The outfield has Don Buford in left, Paul Blair in center and Frank Robinson in right. And behind the fielders is something called a Merv Rettenmund. It hit .322 and 18 homers in 106 games last season and had the other teams swearing in envy and the Baltimore outfield regulars sweating to stay that way.

Since the pitching is hardly so impressive—only Dave McNally, Mike Cuellar and Jim Palmer were able to win 20 games or more in 1970—the Orioles traded for Pat Dobson and his San Diego teammate Tom Dukas as insurance. Well, maybe the catching is the real problem. Elrod Hendricks, Andy Etchebarren and Clay Dalrymple, who share the receiving, collectively did only a little more on offense than either Thurman Munson of the Yankees, Ray Fosse of the Indians or Bill Freehan of the Tigers. All right, let's face it. The team's one flaw could be the ages of its stars. Frank Robinson is 35, Brooks Robinson and Cuellar soon will reach 34. Feel better, fellows?

The most improved team in the division should be Detroit, which finished 29 games behind the Orioles but has too much talent to finish 29 games behind any team again.

As late as July 19 the Tigers were only three games behind Baltimore, then it happened or—to put it more accurately—then it didn't happen. The club won only 27 of its last 72 games. "It was embarrassing to watch them," says Jim Campbell, Detroit general manager. "There were darned few arguments over contracts this winter. They didn't have anything to argue about."

Now Denny McLain is gone, Mayo Smith is gone and new Manager Billy Martin is there to build fires. He may set the first one under Pitcher Mackey Loich, who lost 19 games in 1970 while pressing to become both himself and McLain. It may require more than Martin's fire to ease the shoulder problems of Les Cam, Detroit's best pitcher last year, who was particularly effective in tough Tiger Stadium. Which is too unfortunate because sore-armed pitchers are what Martin does not need, especially in the early going when Detroit meets Baltimore six times in its first 13 games. Martin is counting on Joe Nickro, who got off quickly in 1970 but decelerated at the finish, and he may have a find in Joe Coleman Jr., the ex-Senator, if he can recover from the fractured skull he suffered in spring training. Ted Williams could not figure Coleman out, although he was sure that the 24-year-old, who had a 43-50 record with bad teams, was a man of vast potential.

Two other escapees from Washington, Aurelio Rodriguez at third and Eddie Brinkman at shortstop, now form the best defensive left side of the infield Tiger fans have seen in generations. Rodriguez led the American League in assists, total chances and double plays in 1970 and also batted in 83 runs. Brinkman led the shortstops in putouts, assists, chances and double plays and Martin intends to bat him eighth in the order, hoping he can move the ball around and produce some runs from the bottom of the card. "I learned from Williams that if I could just make contact with the ball and stop trying to hit home runs I could become a better player," says Brinkman. In 1966 he struck out 105 times, last year the number dropped to 41.

Detroit's outfield, with Willie Horton, Mickey Stanley, Jim Northrup and Al Kaline, is excellent and versatile. Northrup, who led the Tigers in RBIs with 30 and homers with 24 and hit the eighth grand-slam home run of his career, says, "We're going to beat Baltimore. We had so many injuries you couldn't believe it. Willie Horton was going great [305, 17 homers and 69 RBIs] when he was injured, Bill Freehan had to have his back operated on and I was out for a month. We're different this season. We won't sit around and wait for the

homer, Billy Martin will have us doing things to score."

Healthy once more, Freehan was hitting the ball sharply this spring. Nobody expects Dick McAuliffe to bat .234 again, either, and he is building a remarkable statistic for himself: he has hit into only five double plays during the last four seasons. And for those who are wondering, McLain's return to Detroit will come on the weekend of May 21-23. Might sell a few tickets. Detroit, in fact, might sell a lot of tickets all year.

The explosive trade that sent Tony Conigliaro from the Red Sox to the California Angels stirred Boston as much as the deal that delivered Ken Harrelson, his valet and his wardrobe, to Cleveland in 1969. Conigliaro's 116 RBIs placed him second in the league behind Frank Howard, his 36 homers fourth behind Howard, Harmon Killebrew and Carl Yastrzemski. Boston's money man who came within .0003 of taking his fourth batting title. But getting runs was not Boston's trouble; giving them was. The Sox were terrible down the middle. They think they have sewn things up snugly with Doug Griffin and Luis Aparicio at second and short and young Billy Conigliaro (.271 and 18 homers in 1970) in center field, while Reggie Smith (.303) moves to right.

Griffin is a superior defensive second baseman who hit .326 with Hawaii and stole 35 bases in 139 games. Aparicio, who will be 37 not long after the season starts, brings his best average in 15 seasons (.313) and has been working hard with Griffin during the spring. Aparicio's arrival pushed Rocco Petroselli (29 home runs, 103 RBIs) to third. With George Scott at first, Boston now has the kind of infield that can both score runs and prevent them from being scored.

Boston's management insisted during the winter that the defense hurt the pitching so much that people got the wrong opinion of starters Ray Culp, Sonny Siebert, Gary Peters and Mike Nagy. Nobody got anything wrong about the bullpen. It was awful. But as part of the Conigliaro deal Ken Tatum came from the Angels, where during the past two seasons he won 14 games and saved 39. He is expected to do something.

Anyone mad enough to attempt an assessment of the New York Yankees deserves whatever he gets. The idea that they could win 100 games has occurred to almost nobody but optimists in the Bronx. And yet New York won 93 games in 1970 and only the Orioles, Reds and Twins won more. During the off season the CBS Yankees did not trade Walter Cronkite for Frank Robinson, but earlier they did let Relief Pitcher Steve Hamilton and his floppy-floater go, thus depriving themselves of their most endearing quality. The Yankees scratch, though, and they hustle and run and pitch and bunt and holler and one of these days they may become faces.

The most interesting of them are Bobby Murcer, Fritz Peterson, Thurman Munson and Roy White. If Murcer can hit 30 or more homers—he had 23 last season—he may have New Yorkers switching channels from that other show in town. Munson, the AL's Rookie of the Year, who had a grand finish to reach .302, threw out 40 stealers and says, "They called me everything—squatly, body, tubby, turtle, thermostat—you name it, but I got it." Munson has the personality and talent to become an old-fash-

ioned Yankee star. He is also the kind of bedrock player a team can be built around.

Shortstop Gene Michael fields but does not hit and Second Baseman Horace Clarke hits but does not field, a somewhat dolorous situation. Danny Cater is not exactly Babe Ruth or even Mickey Mantle (one homer per 97 at bats in 1970) but he had a fine .301 season and contributed key hits as New York moved into second place from way down nowhere.

A superior bullpen—Lindy McDaniel and Jack Aker went forward a total of 103 times and were credited with 45 saves—kept the Yankees in many games. The chief concern among the starters is Mel Stottlemyre, 15-13 after consecutive 20-win seasons. But Peterson became a 20-game winner for the first time and Stan Bahnsen won 14. Not to be overlooked was the improvement in Mike Kekich and Steve Kline's ERA over his last nine starts. It was 2.25. Maybe 100 isn't outta sight, after all.

Alvin Dark has reached the top of the stairs in Cleveland, and it's still pretty dark up there. He functions now as manager and general manager of the club, and this spring he had difficulty signing his Indians to contracts, possibly because he did not want to spoil them with too much money. In the most severe of the major league austerity campaigns, the Indians dropped a flood of scouts from the payroll and Coach Bobby Hofman is doubling as road secretary. Not even board-of-directors member Bob Hope seems able to find much humor in this situation.

Tony Horton is expected to be lost for the year and Ken Harrelson, out for most of last season with a broken leg, will play first. In case anyone any longer cares about the length of an athlete's hair, Harrelson looks like a plucked chicken hawk this spring and is promising all sorts of things like 50 homers and an .850 batting average plus 279 RBIs. Go get 'em, Hawk.

Cleveland's pitching could be its strong point. Sam McDowell is aiming for his second straight 20-victory season. After early-year arm troubles, Steve Hargan wound up 1970 with a strong 11-3 record, and the sudden development of Ray Fosse (.307) as a catcher enabled Cleveland to trade Duke Sims for promising righthander Alan Foster (10-13). Vada Pinson (24 home runs, 82 RBIs), Roy Foster (23 home runs) and Graig Nettles (26 home runs) will fit their big hitting around Harrelson's.

Enough noise has come out of Washington during the off season to make one wonder if owner Bob Short is running a baseball club or The Last Chance Saloon. Denny McLain, who did not have a very good year in 1970, has not had a very good spring. Curt Flood was not hitting well in his comeback and Third Baseman Joe Foy has just about run out of towns. The Senators have lease problems, money problems, radio-TV problems, left-side-of-the-infield problems, too-many-men-who-can-play-first-base-and-not-the-outfield problems and pitching problems. They do have Frank Howard, who probably will have more RBIs than last year (126) if Flood hits in front of him, and Pitcher Dick Bosman and Reliever Darold Knowles. What they could really use is a handful of the Baltimore Orioles' excess. Better, the Senators might latch on to Baltimore's front office, the men behind the men who should make another shambles of the division race. **END**

BEST DAMN TEAM IN BASEBALL



It's the Orioles, of course, and not all the reasons are named Robinson, Palmer and Powell. Try Weaver, Dalton and Coshen (above), organizers of the best organization in the game **by FRANK DEFORD**

It will distress more than a few American sports fans to learn that the lowly Baltimore Orioles' new slogan is simply: "The Best Damn Baseball Team in the World." Because it concludes a statement of obvious fact, the period at the end of the phrase is obligatory, like the exclamation point in the musical *Oklahoma!* By consensus, the Orioles are not only the best team, but the best orga-

nization—with the best players, the best manager, the best system, the best front office, the best morale and, definitely, the best chances. This means that the world will have to put up with the Orioles, and Baltimore, for some time to come.

Nobody, of course, likes the Orioles—or the Colts either, for that matter—except for those strange citizens, number-

ing some couple of million, who live clustered about a tributary of Chesapeake Bay, somewhere along the train tracks between New York and Washington. There is a question whether even these eccentric home folks care; they would not fill Memorial Stadium to watch their heroes win the World Series or to qualify for the Super Bowl. "The Best Damn Baseball Team in the

World," did not draw one million last year, although it always pulls well at the free airport reception when the victorious team is welcomed home at the end of each season. Sports connoisseurs around the country think that the Baltimore fans are undeserving, that their teams are dull or lucky or both, certainly that they are undeserving; after all, they represent Baltimore. Oriole and Colt stars do not find themselves bothered by endorsements, talk shows, Hollywood or Dick Schaap.

Nonetheless Baltimore now holds the championships of football and baseball, the big two, and should the Orioles win the pennant again this year, Baltimore dominance will be even more maddening for its legions of detractors. The Orioles would thus become only the fourth team in American League history to win a pennant three times in a row; Baltimore would become the only city, besides New York, to accomplish the feat in both leagues (the fabled old Orioles won the National League pennant in 1894-95-96). Indeed, historically, the might and reach of Baltimore baseball have been insidiously strong. The Orioles were absolutely instrumental in the great successes of three famed New York teams—Yankees, Giants and Dodgers (and the Mets as well, in another manner of speaking). There is evidence that Baltimore even was the real Mudville (Dennis Patrick Casey was an Oriole at the bat in 1884-85).

None of this necessarily makes the Orioles more popular around the land. They are, however, inordinately popular in the eyes of baseball officials who hold the Baltimore system in the highest esteem and have begun to structure their own organizations in its image. The team may or may not be a dynasty, but it is accepted as the model of a dynasty, as the Ricky Cardinals and Dodgers were, or the Weiss Yankees.

The Oriole organization, and, ultimately, "The Best Damn Team in Baseball," draws its virility from the contradictory strains of its forebears. Baltimore was presented with the Orioles late in 1953 when a local syndicate headed by an attorney named Clarence Miles bought up Bill Veeck's St. Louis Browns. Veeck, who lives on the Eastern Shore of Maryland now, says that Miles played a late, inconsequential role, one powered by "political ambitions." The two men most responsible for securing the Ori-

oles, says Veeck, were Mayor Thomas D'Alessandro, whose son, Thomas III, is the incumbent Baltimore mayor, and Jerold C. Hoffberger, the president of the National Brewing Company, who quietly guaranteed radio-TV sponsorship. No more will be heard of Hoffberger for another 12 years.

The Browns, wasted by Veeck's futile fight for St. Louis against the Cardinals, landed in Baltimore broke, and the new owners were not precipitate in pouring development money in. The Browns-in-Onoles-clothing played out the first season as a profitable, cheap curiosity. Jim McLaughlin had come over from St. Louis as farm director. For an assistant, he hired a kid just getting out of the Air Force, Harry Dalton. McLaughlin paid Dalton \$47 a week, and the two of them ran the farm system. They learned thrift for sure. They also learned discipline and trust in each other and in what limited good scouting personnel there was.

The next year Paul Richards was brought in to run the whole show and to spread the '54 profits on the table—and under it—for prospects. Suddenly, after years of penury, the Orioles were playing table stakes and the flamboyant Wizard of Wavahachie (as the mud local press preferred) was in every pot. He hustled one phenom into the system under an assumed name. He paid a bundle to another, named Bruce Swango, and was required to place him on the 25-man major league roster. Unfortunately, no Richards scout had bothered to watch Swango pitch in a game, an omission of some consequence, it developed, since Swango did not care at all to perform before crowds. But even Richards' mistakes had a flair to them; he charmed the Orioles to life, and finally he made them dance.

Moreover, his own eager excesses and impulse buying produced a counterbalancing attention to thoroughness and detail that is still in evidence in the operation. Richards only played at administration, however, and it was Lee MacPhail, now the Yankee general manager, who at last was able to ride herd on the front office. Arriving in 1958, MacPhail put order in the organization and established formal lines of authority, then consistency and a winning tradition at all levels. Richards pulled out for Houston in 1961. After the last of the varied bloodlines were bred into the beast, MacPhail

moved on in '65 to the commissioner's office and ultimately to the Yankees.

At that time, six years ago, the National Brewery, producers of National Bohemian beer, bought the majority Oriole stock. After MacPhail departed, Hoffberger put one of his assistants, Frank Cashen, at the head of the baseball division and Dalton in charge of all player business. The deal that brought Frank Robinson from Cincinnati was already in the works, and, overall, the Cashen-Dalton combine inherited a fine team and a keen staff. They have maintained it and nurtured it but, more important, they have given the Orioles an image within baseball and a loyalty and pride within the organization. It is not really their fault that everybody in the country roots against the Orioles and hardly anybody in Baltimore cares about them.

As a stepchild city, Baltimore has been violated in baseball as regularly as in other affairs—especially by New York. In 1899, still near their peak, most of the old Orioles were sold to Brooklyn right out from under the team in the middle of the season. Then, maintaining that the club was too weak, the National League folded Baltimore's franchise, which is rather like stripping a man at gunpoint and then arresting him for indecent exposure. Later, Wilbert Robinson, who played in a major league Oriole uniform longer than anybody until Brooks Robinson gained that distinction, also moved on to Brooklyn as manager, where he won the borough its first two pennants. In 1948 Branch Rickey pirated Roy Campanella from the Baltimore (Negro) Elites Giants and cleaned up some more.

The Orioles were given a franchise in the American League in 1901, and John McGraw, who is buried in Baltimore, had the team in contention the next season until July 1, when, in a duplicate of the 1899 sellout, he took his best players and made a private deal to jump to the Giants with them. The remnants of this rape struggled home in last place, and only 138 people were on hand at the conclusion of what one Baltimore paper termed the "fretful season of 1902." That also proved to be the last major league season in Baltimore for 52 years, since the Oriole franchise was promptly sacrificed when the American League needed a New York team. What was left of the Orioles became the New York Highlanders (shortly thereafter the

continued

Yankees), and a few years later Baltimore saved that franchise—and all baseball, some would argue—by shipping a South Baltimore pitcher named Babe Ruth to the majors.

Baltimore never gets much new money. Virtually no season-ticket buyers have been added to the rolls since '54, and only 1,671 complete season tickets were sold in 1970. The most popular ticket plan features only 23 games. When the Orioles played the Mets in the '69 Series, they were inundated with calls from Baltimore businesses with New York headquarters. The Baltimore branch functionaries were being ordered by the Manhattan big shots to come up with Series tickets. Guys cried on the phone to Cashen that their jobs were in jeopardy. Of course, these firms allotted no expense money to buy regular Oriole tickets the next season.

Walking-around money is so tight in Baltimore that the fact that the Colts played two extra playoff games at home is a direct reason why, months later, Ori-

ole ticket sales for '71 were still lagging behind the not exactly torrid pace of 1970. Yet, if limited finances help account for poor attendance, Baltimoreans have picked up the cry as a convenient cop-out. The citizens there are proficient at inertia. They have backup reasons for not doing things they never intended to do anyway. Complaints about traffic, parking and Memorial Stadium (there is little cover, many concrete poles, few chair-back seats, and not a single toilet seat in the place) are repeated *ad infinitum*. Crabowners have the nerve to call up the Orioles, and for some slight a favorite player farmed out, perhaps threaten that they will stop listening to the games on the radio.

Everybody in Baltimore excuses Oriole attendance because the community is so mad for the beach (or "shore," as it is known in those precincts, as in "C'mon down the shore next Tuesday, and we'll tip a couple Bubs"). To hear Oriole officials tell it, it would seem as if Baltimore is the only city in the country where swimming and summer vacations are in vogue. Says a local reporter: "It was sad to hear Cashen and Dalton explaining how come we didn't even come close to selling out for the last game of the World Series. They were going on all about the weather, TV, the entertainment dollar—all like it was a bad game with the Indians in the middle of July, not the final game of the World Series."

Anyway, Baltimore has nowhere else to turn. Washington and Philadelphia are on either side, western Maryland is sparsely populated, suburban Appalachia, and the Eastern Shore consists of Vecek, Mistry of Chincoteague and a couple of hundred thousand fiercely independent chicken farmers, most of whom would cross the Chesapeake Bay Bridge only to witness the signing of secession papers. The only substantial drawing area is due north, the region centering on York County, Pa. (pop. 270,000), and even this small feeder is threatened by the convenience of the new Phillies' stadium and the more natural allegiance of York to Philadelphia. On Sundays half the Oriole crowds are from Pennsylvania. "Without the York area, there probably couldn't even be a franchise in Baltimore today," Cashen says. The absolute, complete, total Baltimore drawing area probably includes around 2.5 million people, about half the pop-

ulation that can be found within seven or seven miles of Shea Stadium.

The Orioles have drawn as high as 1,200,000, and have dipped into the 700-000s in several seasons. But even with "The Best Damn Baseball Team in the World" an ambitious promotional program is required to approach one million. Vecek, a close friend and admirer of Hoffberger's, denies flatly that he has contributed any time or counsel to the Oriole cause, but he fully approves of the Oriole promotional effort.

"They've used intelligent and modern tactics and approach," he says, "so it's even more discouraging and baffling that the franchise has not worked out as well as people had hoped. There are a lot of reasons. It may not be the most important one, but certainly I am most impressed by the fact that Baltimore is a town that talks a good game. The Orioles will always draw great in the corner neighborhood saloon."

Ball the Orioles try hard at making baseball a fun night out. Something is given away every night. There are Devil-dance bands, midget clowns, pretty Baseballers, special birthday parties, 85¢ senior citizen tickets, 51 teen-ager and collegian tickets. Oriole players will speak on a street corner if six or eight potential fans are assembled there. Even the ground crew cleans up the bases in time to snap-py music, with the famous cute, blonde base-sweeper finishing up Sadie, her days are numbered in this innocent capacity. "She's getting too big up top," an Oriole executive confides.

With absolutely everything going for them—good weather, a stable economy, a pennant race with oodles of weekend crucial series the Orioles figure they could draw 1,400,000 tops. However—and here is the reason it all works—Cashen is able to budget for a break-even at around 900,000. The Dodgers need something like 1,500,000 to make back their mil, even St. Louis (about Baltimore's size) needs 1,200,000. Yet Baltimore gets by at 900,000, despite the fact that the Orioles price seats as cheaply as anyone in the majors, have one of the two or three biggest payrolls, have one of the most expensive development programs and even dish up handsome annual dividends to stockholders.

These small-town yokels, in other words, have plenty of things they can teach to the smart set. The Orioles have had the best record in the league since

Don Boylston, a star almost anywhere, catches Brian into Oriole lineup.



1958, the best record in the majors since 1963. Despite the fact that their minor league teams have been drafting late, the farm system has shown nine straight winning seasons, averaging around .530. During this period 80% of the teams have been in the first division and 25% have won pennants. In 1970, for instance, Baltimore, drafting 23rd, won the all-rookie Appalachian League with Bluefield against teams that had the edge on them in every draft round. How do the Orioles manage to do all these things?

1) *A team, precise structure.*

The front office is departmentalized more than any other in the game. "Essentially, they are run the way any business should be run," Hoffberger says, glossing over the fact that baseball business rarely has resembled any other kind known to capitalistic man.

Cashen, who, like Dalton, was paid a salary slightly in excess of \$38,000 in 1970, officially runs the shop as executive vice-president. His office, windowless like those of his associates, is tucked into the catacombs of Memorial Stadium. Dalton, down the hall in another cheerless cell, is vice-president in charge of personnel, and there are vice-presidents for finance and business, as well as a chief of public relations. All report directly to Cashen and all are specialists in their sphere. Unlike the old-style general managers who presumed to be as well versed in cost accounting as in the slugging averages in the Eastern League, Cashen relies on his aides.

Hoffberger, a diffident philanthropist, thunders into the phone receiver, but is otherwise quiet and composed, with no inclination to meddle. He had, for instance, met Earl Weaver only once, and then briefly, but he agreed immediately when he got the word from Dalton that he wanted to fire Hank Bauer and make the minor league nobody the manager of the Orioles.

It is Hoffberger's style to insert himself into a situation, baseball or beer, only as a last resort. He suddenly emerged as a power in American League councils when he decided at last that William Eckert must receive the terrible swift sword. Hoffberger runs the brewery much as he does the Orioles, with a Cashen-type figure under him overseeing a system renowned for its rangy efficiency. National Boh, like the Orioles, has a top local image, too. The only real difference is that Baltimoreans will buy beer.

2) *A young organization that is not beholden to baseball tradition, but is beholden to basic baseball.*

Hoffberger, still only 51, admitted that he knew nothing about the game when he took over. Dalton, 42, came to sports cold. "One of my advantages," he says,



The Orioles, high on Pitchers Tom Dukes (36) and Pat Dobson despite so-so records with San Diego, landed them with minor league bids.

He refers to one trying period "when I owned a mare that was barren and my wife was pregnant all the time." The Cashens have seven children.

Frank Lane worked for the Orioles for six years before leaving recently to become general manager at Milwaukee.



"is that I didn't have any background in this-is-the-way-we-do-it baseball." He was named Executive of the Year in the sport for 1970. Cashen, 44, had been a sportswriter for 15 years with the Baltimore *News-American* and had occasionally covered the Orioles, but he came to the team some time after leaving the paper, unburdened by baseball myopia.

A deceptively astute man who has delighted his old newspaper colleagues by displaying talents they never imagined, Cashen put himself through college and law school at night. He then worked for Hoffberger, first at Baltimore Raceway, then at the Bel Air track, before becoming director of advertising at Boh. Both Hoffberger and Cashen have an abiding interest in thoroughbreds. Hoffberger is part of the syndicate that owns the 1966 Derby winner, *Kaas King*, and Cashen has had more modest holdings.

"When Cashen first came," Lane says, "I thought he was one of those efficiency experts, and I have an abhorrence for efficiency experts because they are usually expert only at saying 'no.' The longer I knew Frank, the more I came to have a real awe of his ability.

"And Dalton, I'm proud as hell of him. He's got class. He doesn't throw his weight around, and I know how hard it was for him to manage an old buck like me who was used to running things. [Also, Dalton is boss to Jim McLoughlin, the man who hired him, who has come back to the organization, and Walter Shannon, the respected head of scouting who spent years with the Cardinals and is two decades Dalton's senior.] But, you see, Harry has the knack of being able to disagree without being disagreeable. I'll tell you, I can see Cashen as commissioner and Dalton as league president."

continued

ident. The Orioles are entitled to the success they've had."

If the Baltimore management is unique in many areas of operation, it never messes with fundamental baseball. Dalton's working relationship with his men in the field, guys who knew him when he was making \$47 a week, is probably the linchpin of the whole enterprise. In the course of conversations, both Dalton and Shannon fall back on the word "courage" to describe why the Orioles draft and trade so well. The Oriole scouts will go out on limbs, because they recognize that they will not be second-guessed. "If I were smart enough to overrule the decisions my scouts make," Dalton says, "they'd pay me as a scout, too, and somebody else would do my job."

Don Baylor, a minor league outfielder who cannot break into the Orioles' lineup but who would already be a star on most other major league clubs, was passed over by many teams because he had a bad arm. "So did Ty Cobb," Shannon says. MVP Boog Powell was shunned by many clubs as a prospect after he had one bad amateur series. The Orioles were not afraid to trust their original judgment. Baltimore swiped two starters, Paul Blair and Elie Hendricks, from other organizations, while, by contrast, in the Orioles' entire modern history, only Chuck Cottier and Fred Whitfield have been abandoned by Baltimore and then gone on to make the majors.

For a classic Oriole sequence, begun with Curt Blefary, the outfielder who was obtained on the say-so of Scout Ray Scarborough from the Yankee organization for \$8,000, Blefary made Rookie of the Year with the Orioles and gave them a couple more good seasons before he tailed off and became expendable. Dalton offered Blefary to Houston for Pitcher Mike Cuellar, recommended highly by George Sisler. Shortly before the trade was made, Dalton read a report from Scout Jim Frey recommending a Venezuelan shortstop named Enzo Hernandez, who was in the Houston system. Dalton demanded him as a throw-in with Cuellar.

Blefary bombed at Houston and is now with the Yankees. Cuellar has had two 20-w in seasons and one Cy Young Award. In November, Hernandez, a minor league sensation with no chance to make even the Oriole bench, was the bait—along with Pitcher Tom Phoebus—that lured loose Pat Dobson and Tom Dukes from San Diego. Sisler had recruited them, too, as pitchers in the Cuellar mold. So, for Phoebus and \$8,000, the Orioles got Cuellar, Dukes and Dobson, plus some good seasons out of Blefary and a Cy Young and a Rookie of the Year award. This is how you make ends meet on 900,000 attendance in a stadium that does not believe in toilet seats.

3) *Esprit de corps.*

"They're an organization, not a collective group of individuals," Veck says. Each September, every scout and minor league coach or manager—a total of about 40—is brought to Baltimore for a five-day conference. Every player in the organization is assessed, and every man on the staff knows—and sees—that his opinion is considered. Perhaps even more important, Dalton thinks, everybody gets to know everyone else.

Managers in the minors—often referred to as "instructors" or "teachers"—may be moved up and down the system, wherever their skills seem best suited. Don Pries, an ex-scout promoted to head the Oriole farms, has written a 100-page volume detailing the Oriole method at every level. It is so specific that it includes notations for a certain day's practice detailing the "speed" and "the direction of the ball" that will be thrown in drills. The Oriole way, developed in the minds of men who can never forget that York, Pa. keeps the whole thing afloat, cannot afford the luxuries of flattery and hyperbole. Minor league morning workout reports that must be rushed to Baltimore require comment on only two subjects: weaknesses and progress.

Above all, the Orioles are renowned for moving personnel up fast, on the field and in the front office. Dalton is obviously the prime case, but all four vice-presidents are in their 40s, and most other key positions are filled by young men who were promoted within the organization. Dalton first met Weaver in Knoxville in 1956, Weaver's second night as a manager. By 1959 Dalton had decided that Weaver was a major league managerial prospect. He declared that publicly, as early as 1963, at Earl Weaver Night in Elmira, N.Y. If there is any problem in the Baltimore organization, it is that since good young men like Dalton and Weaver have been promoted to the top, there is no reason to expect

any openings high up for some time. The Orioles have already had to trade away two Minor League Players of the Year because there was no room on the big club for them. It may not be long before, similarly, staff personnel will have to jump to find promotion in other organizations.

For now, in Baltimore, the Orioles have reached such a position of esteem that the Colts, previously beloved, suffer by comparison. Feeling against Colt Owner Carroll Rosenbloom runs particularly high, and if the Colts should stumble on the field, the city surely will turn on its football champions. This is the town that booed Johnny Unitas.

The Orioles' only other competition is a bush-league hockey team and the basketball Bullets, who do a one- or two-round playoff business. So, except at the ticket windows, the Orioles are fast becoming a valentine for a town that used to be a dowry for the Colts. Perhaps even Spiro Agnew, that quinescental Colt fan, will show up soon to watch the Orioles. He should, if only out of gratitude. Had the American League not accepted Miles' bid to buy the Browns, Agnew probably would not be Vice-President today.

Miles, an eminently successful man of no personal magnetism, reveled in the public acclaim that came with baseball. Long after he sold his interest in the club, he recalled the warmth of the limelight and he decided to stand for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1966, despite the warning of party bigwigs that his presence in the race would succeed only in tilting the nomination to George P. Mahoney, an easy-to-defeat conservative. Mahoney did win the nomination, and many Democratic voters defected to liberal Republican Agnew, and so forth.

"The thing I could never figure out," says a Democratic clubhouse deputy, "is whatever made Mike think they would vote for him just because he brought Baltimore big-league baseball, when they won't even go out to see the Orioles play—even when they're champions." The politician said that he knew how good the team was, because he followed a lot of the games on radio or TV and regularly talked about the Birds with his friends.

But that is the sort of thing they say about "The Best Damn Baseball Team in the World."

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Little cars strain harder. So their engines need the oil that gives extra protection: Quaker State. It's refined from only 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Then it's specially fortified by oil experts to protect hard working engines from heat and heavy loads.

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One of the hardest ways to tell them apart is to drive them.

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They're easy to tell apart by looking at them. It's just a matter of personal taste which one you like better.

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But one of the hardest ways to tell them apart is to get behind the wheel and take a little ride. They're amazingly alike in handling.

Both have standard disc brakes. Camaro in front, Corvette all around. They

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Car and Driver magazine readers have named Corvette "Best All-Around Car" for the fourth straight year.

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We make them both.



You've changed. We've changed.



◆ Brazil's Santos and France's Stars met in Paris for a charity soccer match recently, and on hand for the symbolic kickoff was **Brigitte Bardot**. Brazil's Pelé, as it turned out, was not at the top of his form, but of Brigitte Claude Lambert, the track reporter for the daily *France-Sou*, noted: "It's rare to see a person run so harmoniously. She kept her rear leg stiff, as it should be, to give the forward push. She was not the least bit ridiculous. I assure you. She will never be another Wilma Rudolph, but she has the style of an athlete." Nice story, fella. I trust, though, until you mentioned it we had never noticed the part about the stiff rear leg.

There is a Reverend **Donald Walker** in Manhattan, Minn. who was one of **Buster Mathis'** spare-partners for a while and is now busy teaching little kids how to box. "It's strange," the associate pastor of Manhattan's Bethlehem Lutheran Church explains, "but boxing teaches a real respect for other people. And you end up loving, somehow." Fine, if you say so, pastor. We have to take seriously

any guy sports enough to produce a sentence like "It was my high school boxing coach who went to bat for me and helped me get on the football team at Northwestern."

One of the wire services recently identified millionaire sports entrepreneur **Jack Kent Cooke** in a photograph as "Clark Kent Cooke." Ahh, yes. We remember that picture. The one of Cooke changing his clothes in a phone booth, wasn't it?

The new mayor of La Rochelle, in France, is Radical Socialist lawyer **Michel Crépeau**, and M. Crépeau has this neat idea. "I'm going to ride around the city on a bike, to set an example," he has announced. "The citizens of La Rochelle must get rid of the habit of clogging up the city with their automobiles. If my idea works, we'll put a lot of municipally owned bicycles all around the town. People will be able to pedal from one place to another, and then leave the bike for someone else. The bikes will be free, like those baggage carts at Ory airport." Terrific! In good weather, at least, it would

solve pollution, parking and a number of logistical and esthetic problems. Also, when everybody got used to public bikes they would be less tempted to steal private ones. Like M. Crépeau's semi-racer, which somebody pinched during the mayoral campaign.

Now here comes **John Erickson**, 17-year-old sky-diving nut, riding home on his motorcycle after a jump. John is wearing his chute, tucked into its pack, when, ZAP! A strap works its way out of the pack into his back wheel and yanks him off the bike, which zooms on to hit a pickup truck head on. Erickson hits the concrete, but is able to scramble safely to the divider strip. John is shook, as they say. But never mind, fella. Better it should open when you don't want it to than, uh, vice versa.

Now, from those wonderful people (us) who brought you the story of **Dean Martin's** horse and his mouthful of gold teeth (SI, March 15) comes word of a dog named **Thunder**. Thunder recently fractured a tooth and had it replaced with, you guessed it, a gold one by a Texas dentist. The doctor then went on to do a couple of root-canal jobs on a Labrador retriever named **Shereno**, who got to sit right up there in the chair. Dean Martin's horse, as we understand it, had to stand up.

Cowboys II

Larry Mahan, the rodeo arena's reigning champion cowboy, reports he had an offer to play a role in a John Wayne movie but he couldn't cut it. Seems his hair was too long and his clothes too mod and, worse, he couldn't say "dawg" or "fer"—as in "He works as like dawgs fer no pay and no grab," his bug line in a two-line part.

Perhaps Mahan wasn't emotionally suited to the role any-



way. He and two partners were to pull out and leave Wayne stuck with the entire herd. "I don't think I could have done it at all," Mahan says. "What kind of rat would leave John Wayne all alone with 1,500 head of cattle?"

Cowboys II

Rex Allen, the Singing Cowboy, was galloping into the Canadian Western Rodeo in Edmonton, Alberta, white hat held high and all that, when a flash of light blinded his horse. The horse stopped. Allen didn't. Meet Rex Allen, the Coward Singingboy.

◆ And up there is **Carl Furillo**—way up there, on the 60th floor of Manhattan's new 110-floor World Trade Center. The one-time super-armed rightfielder of the Dodgers and the National League's 1953 batting champion is now a foreman installing elevators and he has been working on the Trade Center since 1969. Does he miss the game? No. "I have no connection with baseball whatsoever anymore, and I'm not very far from it," he says flatly. "I haven't seen a game in 14 years, except for oldtimers' days. I'm not interested. I just don't care." And that's why, on a clear day, you can see Furillo.



Putting is a family affair

Uncle Sam Sneed stuck to his old ways in the Greensboro Open, had a hot streak and demonstrated a thing or two to his talented nephew

It all seemed so unreal. Here was Carlyle Sneed, a golfing no-name a couple of months ago, telling Uncle Sam Sneed, who has won 131 tournaments during his career, that he should put with locked wrists instead of loose wrists. It was almost like Volkswagen telling General Motors how to make Cadillacs.

Carlyle was Sam's putting-coach-in-residence last week during the Greater Greensboro Open, a tournament a lot of people call the Sam Sneed Festival because Uncle Sam has won it eight times. One of Sam's friends always gives him a bungalow to use during Greensboro week, and this year Sam invited his nephew to move in with him.

"Sam's hoping some of J.C.'s luck will rub off," the golf pro joked.

J.C.: Carlyle was known as J.C. Sneed until he won at Tucson and Dorset earlier this season. "Officially I'm Jesse Carlyle Sneed," Carlyle said, "but I prefer to be called just Carlyle. I'd been waiting for the right time to drop the J.C. and go with Carlyle, and after winning two tournaments in three weeks I figured I could manage to switch over without too much of a hassle. Now I may change back to J.C. again. Heck, J.C. Sneed won two tournaments this year—Carlyle Sneed hasn't won any."

Most nights Sam took his putter back to the bungalow with him. "Sam's got the shakes now," said Jesse James Sneed, who is Sam's brother and Carlyle's father. "His left hand shakes like crazy when he tries to putt. He's getting old, you know."

Right after dinner Sam would drop some golf balls onto the carpet and putt at a leg of the table in the corner. First he would take the conventional putting stance—using his normal wristy stroke. Miss. Miss. Miss. Then he would try his croquetlike side straddle. Miss. Miss. Miss.

"Carlyle would just watch as Sam missed that table leg all the time," Jesse James Sneed said. "Then he'd mention to Sam something about locking his

wrists. That's how Carlyle putts, with locked wrists, and he's a great putter. So Sam would try it himself. Bang. Bang. Bang. He'd hit that leg dead-center nine times out of 10."

Carlyle laughed. "That's right," he said. "But you know Sam. He's so stubborn that out there on the course he won't even try to putt with his wrists locked. He just doesn't think it's right—or something. But I think he would solve all his troubles if he locked his wrists. His left hand couldn't shake so much, and that's really his whole problem. Maybe he'll try it someday."

Sam reached almost every green in regulation at Greensboro but putted badly for three days. "If I had a hot putter," he said after his two-under-par 69 on Saturday, "I'd be leading by 10 or 11 shots. I missed seven or eight putts—all for birdies—inside six feet."

Carlyle listened.

"The man is so stubborn," he said, shaking his head.

Sam stuck to his own way of doing things and on the last day putted beautifully—for the first six holes. He had two pars, three birdies and an eagle, but then three-putted the next two. Still, he shot a 68 to finish the 72 holes two strokes ahead of Carlyle, although seven strokes behind Bud Allen, the tournament winner. On Sunday night the old champion of the Sneed family headed south for Augusta and the Masters, while his nephew drove north to Hot Springs, Va. and home.

"The Masters has its rules, I know," Carlyle said, "and according to the rules I'm not eligible to play there. But it doesn't seem right to me that someone can win two tournaments on the tour and not be invited to play at Augusta." He shrugged. "Ahhh, I can use the rest."

Unlike his uncle, Carlyle did not grow up with a golf club in his hand and a tee stuck behind his ear. "Sam gave me my first club—a cutoff driver—when I was 5 or 6," Carlyle said, "but I never played the game seriously until I was

about 22—about seven years ago," Carlyle was a swimmer, a baseball player, a basketball player and a deer hunter. "My dad is the chief engineer at The Homestead in Hot Springs," Carlyle said, "and I always worked there in the summer. I was a lifeguard, a caddy and, later on, a member of the labor gangs that built the ski run and the convention grounds. I didn't have the time to play a lot of golf."

Carlyle was an outstanding baseball prospect and in 1961 signed a contract with the Washington Senators' organization. "I played at Middlesboro, Ky., Statesville, N.C., and Geneva, N.Y., the next three years, and then when they wanted to send me to Quincy, Ill., I decided to quit," Carlyle said. "I always hit for a pretty good average"—he batted .318 one year—"but I didn't have very much power."

When he quit baseball Carlyle took a job working in the back room at the Century Country Club in Purchase, N.Y. "I wanted to see what I could do in golf," he said. "I hacked around a little during my baseball career, and I remember shooting a 62 one day at The Homestead. I thought that was pretty good, considering that I didn't know anything about the game." After one year cleaning clubs, storing bags and doing gen-



SAM THE PUPIL AND TEACHER CARLYLE

eral repair work at Century. Carlyle was named an assistant pro. Three years later a couple of club members, Bob Shapiro and Benet Polakoff, formed a syndicate and sent Carlyle out onto the tour.

"They gave me \$12,000 for each of my first two years," Carlyle said, "and then they upped it to \$15,000 my third year because I was married then. It costs more when you're married, right?" Carlyle, in turn, gave them half his winnings those three years. The syndicate lost \$13,500. "Without those people I don't know where I'd be," he said.

On the tour Carlyle asked everyone for help with his game. He has a round swing, a leftover from baseball, and he tends to get his hands and his right elbow too high on his backswing. "I keep telling Carlyle to quit listening to every Tom, Dick and Harry—and Sam, too," Jesse James Snead said. "but he won't pay attention to me. One time we went out to a 10-acre field and Carlyle hit 66 balls, and at least 16 of them whoofed. Heck, Sam had him hitting off his left heel, and when he turned he was cutting across the ball. Sam's got his points, I know, but Sam's points aren't Carlyle's points."

Carlyle was a member of the tour's rabbit fraternity, and he spent most Mondays trying to qualify for a place in the tournaments that started on the Thursdays following. "Think you don't learn how to get it out when you have to play all those Mondays?" he said. Before he won at Tucson in February, his best finish was a tie for second at the Michigan Golf Classic in 1969. "If you remember," Carlyle said, "that was the tournament that ran out of money. I had to wait for three or four months to get my check. Naw, I never worried. Sam told me I'd get it someday."

When he won at Doral last month Carlyle figured he would be swamped with offers for his endorsement. "I'm not under contract to anyone," he said. "Most people think I'm with Sam's companies, but I'm not." The phone never rang. "I thought that when I won a tournament I'd really make a lot of money on the side, the only thing so far has come from a guy I started to school with. He wants me to do a carpet ad for his company in Elizabethton, Tenn."

Do it, Carlyle and get some smooth carpet, too. Then give it to Uncle Sam and tell him to put on it with locked wrists. Right? **END**

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ATLANTIC

Consorting with the enemy

In 1938 Dr. Douglas Hyde, first president of the Republic of Ireland and one of the great Irish nationalists, was suspended from the position of patron of the Gaelic Athletic Association. His crime: attendance, in his official capacity as head of state, at an international rugby match played in Dublin.

Jack Lynch, the present Irish prime minister, was suspended from the GAA when he was a young hurling star in County Cork because he attended, as a spectator, a game not approved by the association.

Even Eamon de Valera, Ireland's venerable president, was once vehemently attacked by the Gaelic Athletic Association for watching "foreign" games.

A few weeks ago the most famous Gaelic football player of all time, Mick O'Connell, the 34-year-old pride of County Kerry, was photographed at a soccer match. The picture was published on the front of the *Irish Independent*, the daily newspaper with the largest circulation in Ireland. Result: two days later O'Connell retired from active competition before any GAA disciplinary action could be taken against him.

Messrs. Hyde, Lynch, de Valera and O'Connell are merely the most prominent Irishmen to run afoul of Gaelic Athletic Association rules. According to those rules, any Irishman living in Ireland who plays, promotes or watches certain sports of non-Gaelic origin risks athletic suspension, which in some parts of the country amounts also to social ostracism. This athletic prohibition is known to Irishmen everywhere as The Ban. It is a holdover from the days when all Ireland was under British rule. Specifically, the GAA forbids its members from playing, attending or in any way supporting "games of the British garrison," that is, soccer, rugby, cricket and field hockey.

In recent years, an ever-increasing number of young Irishmen have been employing such ruses as using their own names when playing Gaelic games and pseudonyms when competing in rugby and soccer matches in order to circumvent The Ban. But practices such as this may soon be unnecessary. If all goes according to present plan, the prohibition against foreign pastimes will be removed from the rule book of the GAA when that group holds its annual congress on

The Ban, forbidding association with the British, may be dropped

Easter Sunday. This year GAA members at the grass-roots level voted overwhelmingly in favor of ending The Ban. However, only the GAA congress, which is being held in Belfast, may amend the rules, and then only by a two-thirds vote of the county delegates. Since 30 of the 32 counties have instructed their delegates to the congress to vote for the Ban's abolition—only Antrim in British Northern Ireland and Sligo in the Republic voted for its retention—Patrick Fanning, the GAA president and himself a pro-Ban man, says it will go this year. There are some, however, who are not so convinced.

Actually, several rules having to do with foreign influences will be at issue. One of these states that "British soldiers, navy men and police shall not be eligible for membership in the GAA. A member of the association participating in dances or similar entertainments, promoted by or under the patronage of such bodies, shall incur suspension for at least three months." Of the controversial rules, this is the only one that undoubtedly will be retained, largely because of the presence in the North of British troops trying to keep the peace between the Protestant majority and the Catholic minority.

Another GAA regulation requires every county committee secretly to appoint "vigilance members" whose duties shall be to visit the areas under their jurisdiction where "excluded games and entertainments" are held and to report "the attendance of members of the association at such functions as players or spectators."

A third rule—one conveniently ignored through the years—declares that no GAA club shall organize "any en-

tertainment at which foreign dancing other than oldtime waltzing is permitted" and that "any member of the GAA who organizes or helps others to organize foreign dances for the benefit of the GAA" shall be suspended.

These strictures date to the turn of the century. A revival of Irish nationalism after seven centuries of British oppression found an outlet then in linguistic, literary, paramilitary and other groupings, all of which had as their objective the establishment of an independent Ireland. The revolution followed, and in 1921 the Republic came into existence. But chauvinistic sentiment continued unabated because the six northern counties remained under British control.

The wholly amateur Gaelic Athletic Association is not only the largest sporting body in the Irish Republic, it is also the largest single organization of Irish people anywhere. Historically, its members have been an ever-ready reservoir of fervently nationalistic and physically fit men always available to fight British and any other foreign influences to which they object. The GAA does not recognize the border between the Republic and British-controlled Northern Ireland and counts as members 2,642 clubs on the whole island.

The organization was founded in 1884 in Tipperary. It was largely the creation of one Michael Cusack, a burly, bearded schoolmaster of quick temper and strong conviction who liked to carry a blackthorn stick and was known as "the Citizen," a name under which he was immortalized by James Joyce in *Elysses*. Cusack was appalled by the increasing Anglicization of the Irish people. So, with the backing of patriots like Charles Stewart Parnell and the Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, he established the GAA. From its inception it has had unabashedly insular regulations. Among them:

"Irish water-marked paper shall be used for all official documents and correspondence.

"All official documents and correspondence must bear in Irish the signature of the sender. On envelopes the name and address of the addressee must be in Irish. Official cheque books and cheques in payment of fees shall be printed and signed in Irish.

"All contract work shall be carried

continued

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Most young car thieves start your car the same way you do.

(with your keys)



Half the cars stolen last year had the keys left in the ignition. And more than half the car thieves were kids under 18. You don't have to be an "old pro" to steal a car... when the keys are in it.

Young car thieves need your help to steal your car. Don't give it to them.

**LOCK YOUR CAR.
TAKE YOUR KEYS.**





THREE OF HATHAWAY'S THIRTEEN NEW DESERT CLASSICS

(The fabric: cool, comfortable cotton lisle.)

The Hathaway man's personal helicopter is ready to take off for a picnic on his island off Bar Harbor. Although two of the girls are late, the men appear to be keeping cool—perhaps in part because of their Desert Classic shirts.

When Hathaway

dreamed up the Desert Classic some three years ago, we used the thinnest, finest-gauge pure cotton lisle ever spun. The result: a wonderfully comfortable shirt.

Although originally made for golf, thanks to its good looks it has been showing up all over the place,

and Hathaway now makes Desert Classics in no fewer than thirteen different styles and so many colors nobody cares to count them.

Our hero wears a *printed knit* unlike anything you've seen before. For one thing, it buttons all the way down. The other two shirts are 1971

versions of classic designs.

Suggestion: get two Desert Classics so when one is in the laundry you can still look unruffled. Solid colors, \$12; stripes, \$14; prints, \$15.

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"I want to taste the tobacco in my cigarette.
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I smoke Old Gold Filters."

Old Gold Filters. The cigarette for independent people.

10 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report, Nov. '70.



out with Irish material where available.
 "All trophies and equipment shall be of Irish manufacture.

"All official medals and trophies shall be inscribed in Irish.

"Failure to furnish list [of players] in Irish for official games shall entail loss of game."

The GAA took root in rural areas soon after its founding. At the parish level the local GAA clubs became, and remain to this day, the centers of almost all male community, social and athletic activities.

Until the founding of the GAA, Irish counties were nothing more than British-created geographical areas. Once the GAA began organizing intercounty competitions, particularly in hurling and Gaelic football, the county became an object of local patriotism. Now an Irishman's pride of county vies only with his pride of country.

It was not until the advent of television that rural Ireland became familiar with soccer and rugby. Now with TV sets in the remotest cottages, Irishmen have shifted their sporting enthusiasms. And this has been at the expense of the Gaelic sports, particularly hurling. Both soccer and rugby are international sports; Gaelic games are not. The World Cup soccer matches in Mexico last year were TV magnets and conversation pieces across Ireland. More than 15,000 copies of English soccer magazines are sold weekly in the country. Recent rugby matches in Dublin against national French and English teams each attracted crowds of over 45,000 and were carried by television.

Those GAA members who want The Ban abolished believe athletes who now play rugby and soccer—and they are some of Ireland's best—are and are prohibited from competing in hurling and Gaelic football, then would play these as well, thus infusing new life into the Gaelic sports.

These anti-Ban GAA members, however, have a single apprehension—that a sufficiently large number of delegates to the Easter congress will be so shocked by a firsthand view of the condition of the Catholics in British Belfast that they will disobey the mandates of their county organizations and vote to retain The Ban. Should this happen, under Gaelic Athletic Association rules the matter may not be considered and voted on again until 1974.

END

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Six Aces are hard to beat

A runaway victory by the Dallas Aces in the finals of the Vanderbilt team championship, main event of the American Contract Bridge League's Spring National tournament in Atlanta, proved to be something of an anticlimax after earlier fireworks.

Two conventions—the impossible negative and the Precision two-diamond—were barred in the pair events following a hassle between the League's tournament and executive committees.

Two Vanderbilt teams were disqualified on technicalities—after they had won their matches.

Giorgio Belladonna and Benito Garozzo, formerly of Italy's famed Blue Team, became the first European duo ever to win an American national title (the Men's Pairs).

And immediately preceding the tournament the International Precision Team, for which Belladonna and Garozzo are currently starring (SI, March 15), wound up its six-city exhibition tour with five wins, one loss (to an American Bridge Association team in Washington) and a close call. The close call came in an additional match in Atlanta against the team led by nonplaying Captain Lee Hazen that, along with the Aces, will represent North America in the world championship in Taiwan next month. This was also an exhibition; the Precision team's offer to meet—and defeat—any challenger for its self-proclaimed title of world's best bridge team has yet to be accepted.

Despite all this, with their sweeping victory in the Vanderbilt finals Aces Jim Jacoby, Bobby Wolff, Billy Eisenberg, Bobby Goldman, Mike Lawrence and Bob Hamman quashed any feeling that they, as the reigning world titleholders, might have a few cracks around the feet of their graven image.

Followers of the game had been anticipating the Vanderbilt competition and a possible face-to-face final between Hazen's North American squad and the world champions. The Aces had posted an excellent record in American tournament competition, but they had won

last year's world championship almost by default when Italy failed to send even one member of its Blue Team to defend the title. The Aces had also been guilty of an occasional bad performance, and many Americans thought that Hazen's team, which includes Lew Mathe, Don Krauss, Dick Walsh, John Swanson, Edgar Kaplan and Norman Kay, would win if the two were to meet.

In fact the Aces sweated a few easily spared pounds off their nonplaying captain and organizer, Texas millionaire Ira Corn, by winning a couple of squeakers on their way to the final. But they did make it. Hazen's team did not.

After a smooth ride to the semifinals the Hazen group faced a team headed by Ron Von Der Porten and including Ira Rubin, Chuck Burger, Kyle Larsen, Paul Soloway and Eddie Kantar. Their meeting was a ding-dong affair. With only a few deals left to play, the Hazen team held a slender lead, when along came the hand shown below, the first of three successive deals on which Von Der Porten rallied to win by 18 IMPs.

Von Der Porten won the opening lead with dummy's ace of spades and cashed the ace of diamonds. Warned by the fall of West's queen, he returned to his hand with the spade king to lead a second diamond toward dummy, rendering West helpless. If West discarded, dummy would score the king of diamonds. Declarer could then ruff a spade to his

hand, ruff a club with dummy's 2 of hearts and cross ruff with high trumps for 11 tricks. West saved an overtrick when he ruffed the second diamond, but even if he had returned his last trump, dummy would have scored the king of diamonds and declarer would have crossed ruffed for 10 tricks. When, instead, West continued spades, South ruffed and trumped a club with dummy's 2 of hearts. He made no attempt to cash dummy's diamond king but simply cross ruffed five high trumps for his contract.

At the other table West passed and Krauss opened the North hand with one diamond. Mathe responded with two clubs and eventually played at three no trump against the same queen of spades opening. He won in his hand and led a diamond. When West played the queen he ducked the trick in hopes of establishing the diamond suit while keeping East off the lead for a possibly dangerous club shift. West continued with the spade jack. Mathe could have made the hand as the cards lay by ducking this trick, winning the third spade, cashing two top diamonds and two hearts ending in dummy and then throwing West in with a fourth spade lead. This would have forced West to lead a club and give declarer his ninth trick with the club king. Instead, Mathe counted on establishing the diamond suit, with the added chance of East holding the ace of clubs. But the diamonds did not split. East eventually got in to lead a club and the contract failed. On the next deal a small pickup gave Von Der Porten the lead, and another gun on the last board merely tied the cake.

The bubble burst for Von Der Porten very early the following afternoon when the Aces put together the biggest score anybody remembers ever having been recorded in a single 18-deal quarter, 97 IMPs to 1. It would be hard to select the "crucial" hand from such a massacre, but Eisenberg, the wryest wit of the Aces, cited the one shown in the next diagram in which he made the winning play for the wrong reason.

Eisenberg-Hamman play limit (nonforcing) jump raises, and Hamman's two-no-trump bid was the equivalent of a strong double raise in spades.

When dummy came down Eisenberg saw a possible loser in each suit, so he planned to strip the hand in the hope of avoiding a heart loser by making the opponents lead the suit for him. He won

Both sides vulnerable West dealer			
NORTH			
♠ A 6 5 2			
♥ K 10 2			
♦ A K 7 5 4 2			
WEST			
♠ Q J 10 2			
♥ A 3			
♦ Q			
♣ A Q J 10 8 2			
SOUTH			
♠ A 3			
♥ A Q J 5			
♠ 8 6			
♣ A 9 7 6 2			
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Captain)	(Partner)	(Aunt)	(Cl on the Partner)
1 ♠	1400 Bids	Pass	2 ♠
Pass	2 ♠	Pass	3 N
Pass	4 ♠	All Pass	

Opening lead: queen of spades

Neither side vulnerable
East dealer

				NORTH			
				♠ 42 10 9 2			
				♥ K 10 9 2			
				♦ A 10			
				♣ K 9 4			
WEST				EAST			
♠ J 5				♠ 8 4			
♥ 7 6				♥ Q J 8 3			
♦ 42 9 8 6 5 4				♦ K J 7			
♣ A 6 5				♣ 10 7 3 2			
				SOUTH			
				♠ A 7 6 4 3			
				♥ A 5 4			
				♦ 3 2			
				♣ Q J 8			
EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH				
Larsen	Mathiasen	44 in Dry Cleaner	(Hansen)				
PASS	1 ♠	PASS	2 NT				
PASS	3 NT	PASS	4 ♠				
PASS	PASS	PASS					

Opening lead: 6 of diamonds

the diamond lead with dummy's ace and led a club to his queen. West took the ace and continued with the queen of diamonds, under which East dropped the jack.

Von Der Poriem thus knew that his partner held the diamond king and that declarer had no more diamonds, so he shifted to a club. South won with dummy's king, cashed the ace of spades and jack of clubs, then led a second spade, giving East the lead. Larsen returned the queen of hearts. Mathematically, when playing against top opponents, the textbook move would be to play as if each unseen hand had started with one of the missing honors, so normally South would have won the trick with the ace of hearts and finessed against West for the jack, which in this case would have failed. But Eriksen, not knowing the distribution of the diamonds, read East's earlier play of the diamond jack as a signal for West to lead hearts. So he won the trick with dummy's king and successfully finessed the heart 10 on the way back, making his contract.

In the other room, four spades was reached on a much more complicated auction. Wolff, sitting West for the Aces, led the 7 of hearts, and he continued hearts when he regained the lead with his ace of clubs. Thus Kantar, the declarer, never had a chance for the end play and lost a trick in each suit for down one and a loss of 10 IMPs.

The Aces went on to win the Vanderbilt Cup by a shumping 156-point margin and in the process set at rest any doubts that they might not be ready to defend their world title when the firing starts in Taipei on May 6. **END**

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AND NOW FOR THE RESURRECTION

Synchronized swimming demands twists of body and leaps of imagination. Mrs. Swan and her Cygnets hope to get a standing ovation for their Easter extravaganza by ROY BLOUNT

Synchronized swimmers scream at each other underwater, and they are sick and tired of hearing about Esther Williams. People don't realize these things about synchronized swimming.

In fact, a lot of people who don't know anything about synchronized swimming, and even some who do, feel that the sport could stand an injection of something. A man who ran into synchronized swimming in college one evening right after biology lab says that it inspired in him a great ambition. He had what amounted to a vision, some night when the lights went out for a climactic floating-torches-in-the-darkness number he would slip down to the side of the university pool and spike it so heavily with Gentian Violet, a dye used to stain slides in biology labs, that when the lights came back on, the girls would resurface purple.

But that would be gliding the lily. To be sure, such an idea may have occurred to some synchronized swimming team in earnest, and who knows that it won't be tried this weekend in the AAU



indoor nationals. A sport that has seen, in recent years, the Shamrock Hilton Corkerkes perform *The Highest—a Religious Pilgrimage* and the Newark Nereids in *Thieves of All Bats*—not to mention Sydonia Fisher and Linda Howerton of the Hayward (Calif.) Recreation Flying Fins in *Romanso, Romanso—Soul of the People*—is accustomed to bold effects. But traditionalists in the sport would frown on purple girls, and with reason. Anyone who has really looked into what is referred to as "the synchro picture"—certainly anyone who has become acquainted with Mrs. Margaret Swan and the San Antonio (Texas) Cygnets—knows that synchronized swimming has color enough already.

The Cygnets are 49 girls in all, ranging in age from 5 to 17. The Cygnets' A team—eight girls aged 13 to 17—is the third best in the country, behind the Santa Clara Aquamaids and the San Francisco Merionettes. Mrs. Swan, the team's coach and owner, has derived

Fittingly adorned with crosses, the Cygnets line up for inspection, then "blub" underwater.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT PHILLIPS





its name from her own (the Meranettes named themselves for their coach, Mrs. Marion Kane, changing a letter to work in the mermaid angle). There are other noteworthy team names: the Buffalo Swimkins, the Kansas City Sea Sprites, the Minneapolis Fairview Synters, the Paso Robles Roblettes, the Oakland Moose (Club) Naids, the Walnut Creek Aquanets, the Town of Tonawanda (N.Y.) Aquettes, the (Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio) Waterworks Flippers and the Garland (Texas) Park and Recreation Department Garlettes.

Mrs. Swan lives in—and trains the Cygnets in a yellow-and-white-striped plastic bubble adjacent to—a haunted house. The ghost in this house has a penchant for tucking in beds. Jo Clare Oliverio, 14, who is in her ninth year under Mrs. Swan, once spent the night in this house with another Cygnet and no one else. "We got up in the morning and left the bed all yuck," she recalls, "and went into the kitchen and fixed ourselves breakfast. When we went back we looked at the bed. It was all made up." Mrs. Swan has psychic friends who tell her that when they enter the house they "think 'strangled.'" They have a sense of someone being strangled in this house.

But that is a side matter, synchronized swimming is eerie in its own right. Its practitioners can walk on subsurface water. That is, while holding their arms entirely out of the water and upraised in a series of graceful attitudes, they appear for all the world to be walking smoothly across the bottom of the pool through water that comes up only to their rib cages, when in fact they are suspended in water 10 feet deep. They are keeping themselves unobobblingly afloat and processional, with several feet of water between their feet and the bottom, by means of a feverish activity from the knees down known as "the eggbeater kick." Can Don Schollander do that? Can Bear Bryant?

The eggbeater kick, which is like the goalie's kick in water polo, has in recent years played a larger and larger role in synchronized swimming. Before

it gained prominence among other techniques of defying gravity and water pressure, the sport had tended to resemble, in the words of one coach, "ballet with the curtain halfway down" because the head, arms and upper body were so often underwater, busily keeping the legs on display. What ballet was visible was also upside down. Now the upper body is high in every routine. Mrs. Swan's swimmers can eggbeater kick themselves so high that they are out of the water from the waist up. It may not be long before some soloist does Botticelli's *Peas*—unfortunately with a suit and presumably without a shell—with only the toes doing any treading, and everything else acting out the number *Hey Venus, Goddess of Love That You Are* or rather something classical with the same theme.

None of which is to take anything away from the other fundamentals of synchronized swimming. From the basic ballet leg (which is the extending of one leg, poised as though for toe dancing, up in the air while the swimmer glides along on her back) to the open spin 180-degree back pike somersault gavvats, there are 114 officially recognized stunts, each graded according to its level of difficulty. In AAU competition a solo, duet or team number must include five of these standard stunts, plus any number of hybrid or improvised stunts (a dolphinia, for instance, is a cross between a dolphin and a catalina, and a swordalina is a cross between a swordfish and a catalina, but these are official stunts: hybrids are even richer syntheses). "We have a film of us in last year's nationals," says Cygnet Jennie Hayden. "We run it backward, and if we see anything cute, we use it for a hybrid." All of these movements must not only be performed with great poise and body control, as much below as above the water, but also be woven into a composition and synchronized with the accompanying music, which is generally semiclassical, background-type or classical. Asked whether rock music has ever been used, Cygnet Margo Hernandez, 13, says, "No, but one team used the Mickey Mouse Club song." Mrs. Swan has

gone so modern as to work in a little Erik Satie. Points are awarded by judges (as many as 18 at once) to each stunt and to the routine as a whole, in such finely computed totals as 112.4875.

In the course of a competitive number, a team or an individual will range far and wide. Mrs. Swan likes a team number to cover the length of a 25-yard pool three or four times in five minutes, so good form and speed in the basic swimming strokes are required. But each stunt must be performed in a strict compass comparable to that of gymnastics, only without a bar to swing from. The technique that gives the swimmer controlled lift, and a sort of purchase on the stunt's ideal pattern in the water, is an impressively efficient, hard-to-define use of the hands and arms known as sculling.

Sculling is differentiated from paddling or finning, which is what most people, not to mention fish, do when treading water or swimming. Paddling is "a direct push by the palm along the line of propulsion," according to an article on the subject of sculling by an early expert named George Gordon Hyde. "Every drive stroke must be followed by a recovery stroke in the opposite direction . . ." he wrote. "[Paddling's] power is therefore necessarily intermittent . . . When rapidly performed it is sporadic and jerky in appearance."

And when you are doing a shark circle, or an eight-girl float or a 360-degree spinning heron or even something so simple and functional as an oyster—especially when it is all part of *Ching Along the Coming of Spring* or *The Tragedy of Donner Pass* or *Paris in Pink* or *Maiden of Hiroshima* or *Accoratche-are the Pusative* or *Goya's Famous Dulches* or *The Hundred Gates of Thebes* or *Saturday Matinee in Slip Disc, Montana* or *Impressions of Imperial Russia* or *Prize of the Piranhas* (Devil Cannibals of All Fish)—you can't afford to be sporadic and jerky. So you scull. "Sculling," wrote Hyde, "employs the same basic principle as the airplane propeller, whose blade moves crosswise to the direction of travel and which gets its driving power

er from the angle of the blade . . . However, nature did not give us rotary joints like the propeller; so we must scull by a series of hand sweeps back and forth across the direction of push, changing the palm angle at the beginning of each sweep so that the push will always be in the same direction. The resulting hand motion is very similar to that of the blade of a windshield wiper." Leave it that sculling is a wondrous unobtrusive wagwag motion of the hands and forearms, the pitch and vectors of which the swimmer can adjust with great subtlety according to her position and course in the water and which enables the rest of the body to do everything a ballerina could do if she could hang in the water like a trout.

Or it might be better to say a gymnast or a diver instead of a ballerina. The above-mentioned treatise by Mr. Hyde is contained in a book entitled *Aquatic Art*, but that is a term now shunned by synchronized swimmers. "It takes synchro out of competition," says Mrs. Swan, "and puts it into an arty context. Also we despise the term water ballet. That denotes something just done with a musical background. It doesn't denote the fact that these girls are real athletes." And synchronized swimming is trying to get into the Olympics.

Synchronized swimmers have put on demonstrations before Olympic audiences. The sport has been recognized by the AAU since 1946 (originally as a men's sport as well) and was first included in the Pan-American Games in 1955. But so far it has been shut out of Olympic competition. Synchronized swimmers think that if gymnasts, divers and figure skaters have gained admittance, so should they. If they do, they will have triumphed over their noncompetitive origins—notably in the aquatic extravaganzas promoted by Billy Rose in the '30s. "In the Indoor Championships," writes a correspondent to *Synchro Info*, a monthly publication devoted to the synchro picture, "there were some numbers which could have fitted well into Billy Rose's *Aquacade* or Sam

Snyder's *Water Follies*, where a considerable amount of the ballet is done while walking or standing on the bottom of the pool. . . . Shall we in the United States set ourselves back 15 years by incorporating aquatic vaudeville into what is supposedly a competitive sport? If so, we can, I am sure, forget about acceptance at the Olympics and drain the water."

Margaret Swan is not about to drain the water or even to let the air out of her yellow-and-white bubble until the weather gets warmer, and her team's primary goal is competitive—to break the

hold on first and second place in the AAU's held for years by California teams. But she is a showwoman. Not only has she developed or overseen such vivid competitive numbers as the duet *Blitzkrieg*—1939, in which, in 1968, Cygnets Angie Taylor and Betsy Hart formed a floating swastika with their bodies, but she keeps the club afloat financially by augmenting its repertoire with entertainments. These are mammoth production numbers and lively popular-music and comedy routines to be performed for \$100 a show (or occasionally for free as a community service) at military bases,

continued



Mrs. Swan's haunted house is famous for windows that rattle on windless days.



continued

country clubs, state park openings and conventions. For such appearances the Cygnets are currently preparing what Mrs. Swan describes as "a Gay '90s, 'don't tie me to the railroad, little Nell' affair called *Lovejoy Ransom*. Raymond is the villain." (Raymond is also a name that will recur later in this story in a supernatural context.) "Audiences would really rather see a lot of legs on top of the water than the most intricate thrusting movements," says Mrs. Swan, and the girls enjoy a chance to throw in a little poolside cancan before jumping in, or swimming to Herb Alpert or Broadway tunes instead of the heavy classical stuff favored by AAU judges. Then, too, there are higher-toned exhibitions. The Cygnets have been invited to perform with the Dallas Civic Ballet, and in May 1969 they did a show in the San Antonio River, between an am-

phitheater on one bank and a stage on the other, from which the San Antonio Symphony played in accompaniment. "We had some special problems with that show," says Mrs. Swan. "Like dead rats floating by and beer cans. And riverboats coming around the corner during practice. Girls who just held torches and didn't have to show their feet got in with tennis shoes on so they wouldn't get cut." "There was this real mushy stuff on the bottom," says Cygnet Kathy Jansen, "and you'd go down to your knee in it. Then you'd go back up, put up a ballet leg and mud would go streaming down."

That is not the kind of thing that makes synchronized swimmers scream underwater. The term for such vocalization is "blub." A blub is a signal used in team numbers, rather than a cry of despair. But if you ask Mrs. Swan

or a given Cygnet what a blub is exactly, she will say, "Oh, just a scream underwater." For each pivotal moment in a routine, such as the time for a spin to begin, one girl is appointed the blubber. Everyone starts off together on her blub. "It's just 'bwasah,'" says Margo Hernandez. "It depends on who it is. Gaye Lynn's got a high, high-pitched one." "Once in Sacramento," says Mrs. Swan, "they suddenly took off faster than I'd ever seen them. The blubber had said, underwater, 'Swim like hell!'"

Apparently such cries are perfectly audible underwater, but not a peep rises above the surface. It wouldn't do for *The Miracle of the Lame Prince* or *Belles of Captain Janine's Showboat* or *The Colosseum—Spectacle of Terrors* at the *Circus Maximus* or *Faunary of the Redbirds* or even *The Soul of Poland* or *Portrait of Satan* to be punctuated with

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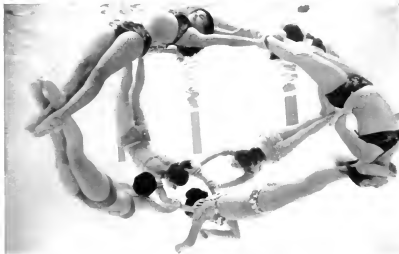
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"bwaahh" or "swim like hell." It wouldn't do, either, for there to be much rolling of the surface; a swimmer on her back sculling often produces small vortices, but anything bordering on a splash is bad form. Grimacing is also frowned upon. "You have to look nice when you breathe," says Jeanie Hayden. "When you're dying underwater, you can't come up and look like it. You have to look pleasant. I get panicky sometimes when we're holding our breath for a long time. You're under there and your blood is pounding, but you know you have to stay under. Sometimes you can't see anybody, and it all closes in on you. Sometimes in a meet you wonder what's going to happen if you're upside down underwater and your noseclip comes off. Sometimes your nose gets oily and. . .

"Also you can get turned around. Once I did a stunt and ended up on top of the water instead of under. We did last year's team number at a local meet in a pool with no lights, and the pool was on a slant and there were no lines on the bottom. You know you're out of formation, but you don't know where. You can't talk and say, 'Scot over that way, y'all?' You go into a spin and everybody's swimming into each other. That's when it gets embarrassing."

The Cygnets embarrass themselves rarely, but they suffer year-round. They work out three hours every day of the summer, every day during Christmas holidays and at least three times a week the rest of the year. A workout may entail as many as 3,000 yards of sculling and swimming back and forth. They get very little recognition. When they tell people they are synchronized swimmers, people always bring up Esther Williams—which isn't too hip because in her movies Esther Williams tended to do very simple tricks, often propelling herself by pushing up from the bottom which is considered cheating today. "Oh, Esther Williams the Second," people say," sighs Kathy Jansen, "and you want to say 'aahhh,' because here she did this dolphin."

"Synchro is terribly demanding," says



The Cygnets perform a Margaret Swan original, a tribal float she has graciously dubbed the "orb dolphin."

Mrs. Swan. "Girls never go steady. We've had some very popular girls, and they date—Betsy Hart is Miss San Antonio. We've had cheerleaders, student council presidents and exceptional students. But you seldom call the home of a synchronized swimmer and find the line busy for hours.

"We push these kids to the limits of their abilities. We demand outrageous things of them. If I have a show and I can't do without a girl, and she's sick, she just has to swim, that's all. The first year we had our own pool we swam outdoors without the bubble until February—there were icicles on the fence. That was the year we had the fewest colds."

"She drives you," says Jeanne Hayden. "She's two different people. When we make trips, she cracks jokes and is fun to be with, but in the pool you don't cross her."

"When we got to the nationals," says Kathy Jansen, "everybody else called their coach by her first name; but we

just . . . 'Margaret?' 'Margaret'—we just couldn't. Here we were saying, 'Mrs. Swan,' 'Mrs. Swan.' We didn't mean it to sound formal or anything, but . . . 'Margaret' just sounded so. . . . So we called her 'Duck.'"

So it is that Mrs. Swan, a petite 51-year-old grandmother of five and an assistant professor of physical education at San Antonio Junior College, has had made up for herself a sweatshirt that says *MOTHER DUCK* which she wears to workouts.

"When I was growing up in Texas," she says, "we didn't have chlorinated pools. I was always kept out of the water, or when I did get in, I had to keep my head out. I had had measles, which caused some hearing loss. Still, I loved swimming."

"In 1950, in Houston, at the Shamrock Hilton I saw Joy Cushman and Ernestine Mignone, two of the earliest synchronized swimmers, do a duet. I went back home to Dallas and did some ex-

perimenting with it myself. When I moved to San Antonio in 1955 a woman had just started a class in the YWCA here. I became their coach and called them the Silver Fins. When I quit the Silver Fins because of parental interference, I started Cygnets. It's probably the only synchro club that's owned and directed by an individual instead of being run by a parents' governing board or a recreation center. It makes for a benevolent dictatorship, I guess you'd call it."

The Cygnets were organized in 1963, and by 1966 they had won the junior national championship (an indication of the agreeable casualness of the Swan message is that someone has placed a rubber nose on the peaked hands of a winged girl bathing girl who is posed atop the '66 trophy in Mrs. Swan's crowded study). The Cygnets have won a special trophy awarded to distinguished teams outside California every year it has been offered. "I don't know of any girl who, if she dedicates herself, can't be suc-

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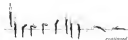


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cigar with all the
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cessful in synchro," says Mrs. Swan. "I have had kids who were just blobs of jelly who with aplomb became part of a championship team."

A brochure that Mrs. Swan sends out to parents of prospective Cygnets says, "We believe that we can give your girl a reason for not smoking, drinking or indulging in drugs because we offer her a group that stands for clean living and offers tangible rewards for clean living. We believe in competition and in strenuous physical activity and a consuming measured interest for every girl. Swimming is a wonderful exercise. It is feminine, it builds beautiful bodies, it develops poise and it saves lives. We offer your daughter the experience of sports competition. We can and will take her as far as she is willing and able to go—from beginner to champion—from inside the city limits to halfway around the world. . . . She will learn to make sacrifices and decisions; to plan her time and to schedule herself. She will have fewer colds (we can prove this statistically) and she will have something special to cling to when she is trying to find herself as a woman."

Mrs. Swan no longer sends these brochures out except on request. Word of mouth is sufficient to keep membership high, despite a considerable rate of attrition as girls decide that they have had enough or their families decide that synchro is too much for them. "Your family has to put up with a hunch," says Jeanne Hayden. "Family vacations and dinner times have to be planned around you." It costs \$10 a month dues to be a Cygnet, and each Cygnet family has to agree to sell or buy \$5 a month worth of tickets to Cygnet performances. These revenues pay travel and pool expenses, Mrs. Swan doesn't take a salary, but Cygnets pay the mortgage on the pool, which the Swans rent to a neighborhood swim club in non-Cygnet hours. "I've worked with the YWCA," says Mrs. Swan, "and I'm sympathetic with girls who want to do these things and don't have the money. So we've given some scholarships to Cygnets. But these girls haven't all appreciated it."

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She sighs and shakes her head. "Finally, last year, I said I don't care if I never see another poor girl."

Most Cygnets, then, come from upper-middle-class families, but the club is fairly diverse ethnically. There are Anglo-Saxon, Spanish, Jewish and Italian names among the ranks, and there have been two black Cygnets. "One black girl, who dropped out, would have been on the A team this year," says Mrs. Swan, "and she would've been the first black girl ever in the national championships."

Making friends is one of the "tangible rewards" referred to in the Cygnets' brochure. "When I started at 5," says Jo Clare, "I was the only girl that little. I'd just sit down at the shallow end of the pool and just freeze." "But then you go on and get to know a lot of people," says Jennie, "and you don't want to quit. And when I stop synchro for a while, it makes me feel like I'm getting fat."

"You feel like you're not doing anything," adds Kathy.

"When we're swimming we can eat anything we want and not get fat," says Jennie. "Most of our friends understand now, so when we're shoveling it in they don't say anything."

"Like they don't say, 'Pig!'" says Jo Clare.

"And trips," says Jennie. "You say, 'I'll be going to California in a few weeks,' to other kids in school, and they say, 'Really?'"

"Synchro takes a lot of discipline. But you get out there with a stunt you hate, and somebody works on it with you, over and over for hours, ahhhhh—and then it starts getting better. That makes you feel good."

Jennie adds that national competition confirms that feeling. "You know you're good, but you don't know how good," she says. "When we got third in the nationals last year it was so neat."

Everything considered, synchronized swimming can still be a grind. Santa Clara's Kim Welshons, now retired after winning or helping to win 10 senior national solo (*The Taming of the Shrew*,

etc.), duet (*Spell of the Gypsy*, etc.) and team (*Rosh Chodesh—Israeli Festival*, etc.) championships and being nominated for the 1970 Sullivan Award, told an interviewer last summer, "Sometimes, with the work and the performances, I feel like a thing instead of a person. I get on a plane, I get where I'm going and I go into the water. In many cases the hotel and the road are all I see."

The career of a good AAU synchronized swimmer usually stretches from age 11 to age 17. After that there is college competition, which is not so stiff, but very rarely does a girl go on to swim in a professional water-ballet troupe, either in residence at a place like Cypress Gardens or Marineland (where some years ago the Vero Beach Dolphinettes performed with trained porpoises) or traveling around with a portable pool. "Once these girls get through competition, they've had it," says Mrs. Swan with a gleam in her eye. "They're sick of it."

"What we want this year in the nationals is a standing ovation," says Jeanne Hayden. "The Merionettes got one with a patriotic routine in Oklahoma three years ago. They had a flag in it—they formed a flag and rotated from side to side like a flag waving. We considered a patriotic number this year, but there have been so many of them done recently. The judges get sick of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* over and over. So we decided on a religious one. The indoor finals will be on the day before Easter. We're going to do *Resurrection*. When you go out there and do something like that it really makes you feel good."

"Supposedly, your theme doesn't count in the scoring," says Mrs. Swan. This principle would appear to be borne out by a study of past national results—in the 1968 outdoor solo competition Sherrill Gonterman of Shaw Park, St. Louis, with *Jazz-A-Ma-Dazz*, finished one point ahead of Kay Ruenzel of the Berea (Ohio) Swim Club Aquatems, with *Freedom from Behind the Iron Curtain*, and Sharon Lawson of the Merionettes placed far above either of them with *Powers from Beelzebub*. Another

index to the austerity of the judging is this guideline from a 1968 seminar led by Dawn P. Bean of Santa Ana, Calif.:

WHAT WE DON'T JUDGE

Where does it say "smile"?

Her costume is beautiful, so suitable, etc.

She has so much "showmanship."

Her music is terrible.

I don't believe Spaniards dance like that.

"But when you're pushing for the top," says Mrs. Swan, "you want something spine-tangling."

It took her from Nov. 1 until just before Christmas to put together the five minutes of music for *Resurrection*. This music comprises seven different selections from records as various as *Handel's Greatest Hits* and *The Hallelujah Album* by Carmen Dragon, which includes passages from the soundtrack of *The Robe*. A single cymbal clash is picked up from one record—"on that they do a tuck and roll and go under like crazy"—and then there is a snatch of the *Hallelujah Chorus*, something from Respighi's *St. Michael the Archangel* and so on. "We wanted to use the traditional *Palmers* you hear on Palm Sunday, so we're using that from *The Robe*," says Mrs. Swan. "Then we carry out the whole idea of Gethsemane, and carry through the Crucifixion, the *Resurrection* and then the *Hallelujah Chorus*." It is spine-tangling.

More spine-tingling than the Swans' ghost stories, in fact. Though they aren't bad. "I was a skeptic," says Mrs. Swan's husband George, who runs a rent-all agency in San Antonio, "until I moved into this house." That is the 96-year-old, single-story home of Alphonse W. Perrin, who built it himself in 1875 after moving down from New York in search of a better climate. It is made of quarried limestone, the same material used to build the Alamo, which is also located in San Antonio, and it is hard to describe architecturally, especially now that the Swans have added to it here and there. It has high ceilings, knee-high doorknobs and several nice heavy

continued

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pieces of old Spanish furniture. "We hear the windows rattling at night when there is no wind," says Mr. Swan. "A contractor who came out to the place before we moved in heard the windows rattling one night when there was no wind and not even any windows. Just the opening was there in the wall."

On another night, before they moved in, the Swans held a séance in a back bedroom. All 12 people in attendance, say the Swans, heard footsteps enter the house, go toward a hall closet and then stop. These steps have been heard a few times since, and they always wind up at the closet. "I'm not the kind of man who is afraid to get up and check on a noise at night," says George Swan, who is heavily built, "but I heard those steps one night when I was here alone, and I got a gun and got in bed and stayed right there."

"We'd heard from our real-estate agent that people had been mistreated here," says Mrs. Swan vaguely. Then there were the psychic friends to whom the house said "strangled"—one of these let the house's spell sink in for a while and declared, says Mrs. Swan, that "there was a Raymond" in the background. "We had found all the old family letters, and there was no Raymond mentioned in any of them. We couldn't figure it out." But then the Swans discovered the old Perrin graveyard on a piece of adjoining property. There was a headstone for Raymond Perrin, dead at the age of 38. Further inquiries revealed that Raymond had been an afflicted child—possibly with brain fever—and "he had to be cared for like a vegetable," says Mrs. Swan.

If there was a strangulation, though, it has not come to light. Nor can the Swans explain the tuck-in phenomena that have occurred in the house. There was what happened to Jo Clare's bed, and then there was the experience of another female guest. "She had to have everything loose over her body," says George. "All the covers had to be very loose. Well, she woke up in the night with everything tucked in solid on all three sides."

continued

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Who can explain such things? But on the other hand, why linger over them when the Cygnets are outside in the bubble working out?

There are to be run-throughs of the B-team number, which is to the tunes of a medley of the national anthems of World War I and is entitled *In Flowers Fight the Poppies Blow*, and then of the big one, *Resurrection*.

Mrs. Swan says a few words to the B-team over the sound system; one speaker is underwater so that the girls can hear the music while submerged. In fact they tend to submerge while Mrs. Swan addresses them because they can hear her more clearly down there than above the surface, where everything echoes vividly around and around the bubble. The smell of chlorine is vaguely in the air. On the inside the bubble's stripes look orange rather than yellow, and the sun shining through them onto the choppy surface colors the water a fluctuating marbled orange and white.

"One of the big problems in this sport," Mrs. Swan says in an aside, as the girls loosen up, "is how to denote the choreography. We write all kinds of strange things down. Like *overarm crawl* and a pull to the back and a roll to the side. . . . Do it again," she says to a Cygnet, "and watch your feather."

The sun casts the shadow of a 400-year-old oak tree onto the walls of the bubble, and also the shadows of numbers of younger, or maybe older, scraggly mesquites. The girls are going through individual stunts. They call to mind Hedy Lamarr in *Exstasy*, Ophelia afloat and the Lady of the Lake. Here and there through the orange-and-white, oak-and-mesquite-shaded surface there occurs a girl's single pointed foot, slowly ascending, like Excalibur only rounded and fetching.

"Different teams are known for different things," Mrs. Swan is saying. "We are known for our flamingo 360-degree spins. And we are known for the floats we do. In *Symbols of British Majesty—Orb and Scepter* eight girls, some with their feet together, some with their heads together—girls holding feet with feet—

went down underwater, latched together, and made a ball. Then they rolled. It looked like an orb."

The B-team routine is beginning. Now the girls have all submerged, and you know, although you can't hear her, that one of them is screaming. "In a thing we called *Ode to the Dawn*," adds Mrs. Swan, "they made a shark circle, lying on their sides, and went around once. Then three made a smaller circle in the center, and three piked out and resurfaced with their legs split so the whole thing looked like the sun with rays. In *Resurrection* we do a Celtic cross."

The B-team is well into its number. Girls are oystering out of a wastika into a flamingo position with *Deutschland, Deutschland, Über Alles* building into a crescendo in a yellow-and-white-striped bubble with the shadows of trees, in San Antonio, Texas, and now "a long way . . . to Tap-por-ry-ry," and the finale is *The National Emblem March*. Then on into *Resurrection* with a blub on the drop-under, and there is a period during which the Cygnets are underwater for 27 seconds, while first one shift and then another comes up—projecting only legs out of the water—and executes a hybrid "with a half-spin at the top," as Jeanie Hayden has explained it, "then spin down to where the legs are even, another spin at the ankles and sink."

They sink. They come back up. They form the cross. Says Mrs. Swan: "When a girl is holding another girl's foot in a float, while they're all sculling on their backs, she is taking two fingers and holding onto her neighbor's Achilles' tendon and lifting."

Clash! go the cymbals, the girls go under again. "And He shall reign for ever and ever."

He shall reign for ever and ever Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! ringing all around the orange-and-white water through which young girls' heads are sprouting at last, and if a ghost were to come sculling along through the bubble in midair, all blue in the face with a pair of discombob hands around its neck, it wouldn't add much.

END



Managing the money you set aside for security, for protection, for growth doesn't have to be so confusing any more.

Remembrance of Autos Past

The Armstrong Siddeleys, Daimlers and Darracq something or others were wonderful, but the Riley supersport could outrun hedge sparrows

The automobile has fallen from grace. What shred of dignity it had left as a culture object was surely stripped away with the collapse of the Rolls-Royce company in Britain recently, an event that would have been unthinkable a generation ago. It leads you to ponder those old tales of Rolls' solidarity and service—about the Rolls owner stranded in Moravia and the spare part being flown in from London by helicopter, along with a starved factory mechanic to install it free of charge. Ah, the glory that once was Rolls.

It was not ever thus with the automobile. There was a time when the world was safer, more solid and the automobile a sign to man from the gods that all was well and he would triumph. I can remember when the automobile was a source of human happiness, the companion of joy and the promoter of family ties. It was the darling of children and (with horses and the weather) the only proper topic of masculine conversation. Its sex was male and its spirit was strong and protective. It went for doctors when needed and took families for picnics under the leaf-heavy trees of summer. It was easy to get into and even easier when you snuggled down under a blanket in the backseat to keep warm. Also it spoke in a dogged, purposeful voice and not, as now, in rapping whistles or—if the muffler is bad—appalling roars.

Now and again, in the quiet of my study, I remember the names of automobiles I have known and although, like Abou Ben Adhem, I love my fellowman, I find that I love these old automobiles quite as much. In those days, and in England, there were lots of automobile companies, and therefore lots of different sorts of cars. And each name brings a little splash of pleasure as it comes to mind. Jowett, for instance, which was small and always seemed to be painted brown. Armstrong Siddeley, Lea-Francis. Riley. Triumph. Standard. Ace. Bristol. Daimler. And a car called a Darracq something or other (I'm not even

sure about the Darracq). It was huge and butter-yellow and had black leather upholstery inside. It had a silver hunting horn with a strong black rubber bulb. I saw it in England standing still on a country lane, and it had just arrived with the mud of Italy and France splashed in thin lines over its brave sides. I could take you right now to that very lane where that car stood 45 years ago. It was driven by a god wearing a trench coat. He waved to me and my brother, started up and went off in a cloud of dust to Valhalla.

My eldest brother Tom grew up in the most glorious period in the history of Western man. He was in his teens in the early '20s in the first real flowering of the automobile, when garages still repaired bicycle wheels as a sideline and you could sit for hours on a can of motor oil (yes, they used it in race cars) and talk about the Brooklands racetrack and the Ulster Tourist Trophy, and when, in racing, a mechanic sat beside the driver and operated a hand pump on the dashboard, which was the forerunner of a supercharger. If I kept my mouth shut and ran errands, I was allowed in on some of these sessions. Also, I watched these wonderful men improvising head gaskets out of two dozen thicknesses of newspaper. They were real mechanics, and we shall not see their like again. They adored machines, and they dreamed about them as Cortez dreamed about the Pacific. They lived in the twilight of the Age of Faith, the last perhaps of a wonderful race of men in which courage, honor, humor and crankcase oil were mixed about equally.

Tom started off with motorcycles. He got an old belt-driven Calthorpe for 10 shillings and a load of turnips, and he fixed it up and traded it in and kept the going until he wound up with a import Norton straight out of hell. It had fishtail exhausts that gleamed like spurs and it could take anything that moved, including the airplanes of the period. Then one day he turned up at the house with the loveliest car I have ever seen

(except for that Darracq something or other). It was a Riley supersport, or that is what we called it. It could do 65 mph, and it had a special high gear that you could flip into that would wham you right up to 70. The car could go faster than a bird. I am a witness to this, for I recall on my first drive spinning down a Hampshire lane and passing in succession three hedge sparrows, a white wagtail and four yellowhammers, all on the wing and all flat-out. Those same birds could pass right in front of our old family Model T and often relieved themselves on the bonnet as they did.

But the best thing about that car was the finish. It was covered top, sides, bonnet and boot with crocodile leather—yes, honest to goodness crocodile leather like that on ladies' handbags and Herschel's violin case. I wore a knitted woolen jersey in those days and I never approached that car without polishing that crocodile leather with my sleeve. It was a car designed with class, with verve, with *esprit*, with *je ne sais quoi*, by men with hair in their ears who didn't give a hang for comfort. The seat cushions were of leather and pneumatic, and since there is nothing in the world harder than compressed air, I soon discovered that to save my bottom I was better off if I let the air out and sat on the bare boards. Science may not agree, but my behind knows that plywood is softer than air under pressure.

I don't know what happened to that car. I think of it as often as I think of the Darracq something or other. I remember that to be taken for a drive in it was the most splendid reward a boy could receive from an excellent older brother. I cleaned guns, boots and hen houses all afternoon for a drive in that car—a spin over the glorious English countryside through the fern-garpeted New Forest until the last hill being mounted in a waspish roar, there before us, incredible beyond all else in God's creation, lay the sea. My brother is dead now, but wherever he is, I think that car is with him. That car and an Irish terrier he called Paddy. They are roaming around somewhere, impudently passing Daimlers and the old squire's Silver Ghost Rolls with the gun racks and dog seats in the back. And if what it takes to get another ride in that car is to clean guns, boots and hen houses in Paradise all afternoon—I am ready.

—LEONARD WIFFRLEY



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And they should be on your car.

With all due respect to seat belts, the best way to avoid injury in an accident is still to avoid having one.

PIRELLI
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

WTO RACING—Indy master A. J. Foyt, driving a 1966 Mercury, dominated Plymouth's Richard Petty in the Atlanta 500, winning 319,200 and averaging 131.375 mph over the 1.5-mile oval of Atlanta International Raceway.

BASEBALL—**NBA** The New York Knickerbockers won the first playoff game to advance to the semi-final round, defeating Atlanta four games to one. The three Knick wins of the week were by scores of 118-95, 111-107 and 111-101, with the last light coming into the final minutes. The Milwaukee-San Francisco series went to the Knicks, who by a 4-1 Mercury jumper by Warren substatue Joe Ellis with one second left. The Knicks then slaughtered San Francisco 116-84 in the fifth game. Baltimore outlasted Philadelphia 4-3 (page A1), while the Los Angeles-Chicago series was still undecided at three-all.

ALBA After Texas entered a post-natal birth by beating Detroit 115-104 in an extra regulation game, the playoffs finally began. Indiana topped Memphis twice, 114-98 and 108-106, outplayed by Roger Brown. It was two straight wins for Utah against Texas. By scores of 125-115 and 117-121, Virginia outlasted New York (113-125) and Kentucky against Florida (116-111) despite the loss of Don Inest, the regular season MVP and champion (29.03-point average) on fouls in the fourth quarter.

COLLEGE—**JIM McDANIELS** of Western Kentucky, with 26 points, and Steve Garber of Jacksonville, with 24, led the AIA to a 106-104 overtime victory in the Coaches' All-Star Game in Dayton, Ohio. Mike Neasey of Utah was high scorer for the West with 18.

BOWLING—**JOHNNY PETRAGLIA** of Brooklyn outlasted Olan Do Johnson in the 1968-69 Eastern Tournament in Chambers in Akron. The victory, worth \$27,000, was the third straight for southern Petraglia.

DIVING—At West Point **MICKI KING**, an A-1 Force captain, was a double winner in the AAU National Indoor championships—longer (one-meter board) and the 10-meter platform. **SCOTT L. JONES** of Bloomington, Ind., the 1970 winner, repeated on the one-meter board. **CRAGG L. COLE** of the University of Minnesota topped the men. It was **MICHAEL FISHER** of Duke University, at the men's three-meter and **SUE RYDGE** of Michigan in the women's 10-meter.

GOLF—**BRIAN (Bud) ALLIN** of Santa Barbara, Calif., playing in only his 14th professional tournament, won the \$198,000 Greater Greenbush

Once with a burst on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff (page B1). He had lost Red Farneth and Gene Rickelberg, both of whom carried the extra hole.

HARDBALL—**PAUL HARRIS** of Chicago won a college football game for the USAA against the University of Delaware. He was named All-American.

RHODES RACING—**MICHAEL MACK** (1970) took the 500,000 Midway Derby at Spooran's Park, Chicago, with Ralph Mack driving in the test for 1, 4, and 5th-place drivers.

ROCKY—At the NHL regular season ended, Phil Esposito of Boston led his goal-scoring record to 37. The Bruins finished first in the East, followed by New York, Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Vancouver and Detroit. In the West it was Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Minnesota, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh and California.

THE SOVIET UNION won 3-1 for its fourth consecutive world championship, beating Sweden 6-1 in the final game at Geneva. The silver medal was won by the Czechs, the only team to defeat and tie the Russians, the bronze by the Swedes. The U.S.A. lost.

NOIR RACING—**GOOD BELIEVING** (55-40) suffered by John Campo, was first in Aqueduct's \$50,000 Gotham Mile for 3-year-olds, finishing 1 1/4 lengths ahead of favored (Good Luck) Tony Danza. The winner is not a Kentucky Derby favorite.

At the other end of the country carpet Carpentier (2-year-old) won \$40,000 (1960) in the Kentucky Oaks. Unconquered by Lightfoot (1971) 11-100 Maria Ann Derby. Jim Danza is eligible for Churchill Downs.

TRICK THE AXE (59-20) overtook Harbison Street in the last furlong to win the \$60,000 AUSA Derby at Oaklawn Park, covering the 1 1/4 miles in 1:49.

SPECIFY (58-1) was just up at the wire to win the 13th Grand National by a neck. Owned by Brenda's Fred Faxon and trained by Jim Danza, he earned \$27,000. Only 13 of 38 starters completed the rugged American course.

SWIMMING—**GRAHAM WINDRAIT**, a 16-year-old Australian, set a world record of 28.6 in the 100-meter freestyle in Sydney. His time beat the Australian Mike Burton's record by one-fifth second.

TABLE TENNIS—Red Chen, after a six-year absence from international competition, defeated defending champion Japan 3-2 to win the men's

world team title (page 22). The women's championship went to the Japanese, who beat Red Chen at the finals.

VENUE—**MRS. MARGARET COURT** of Australia advanced Patie Hogan of La Jolla, Calif. 6-2, 6-3 in the women's final of the Nudal Open at Durham, South Africa. It was one of the few tournaments that Mrs. Court had not won previously.

MILWAUKEE ACQUIRED—**OTTO MOORE**, Detroit Pistons center, by the Phoenix Suns, for future considerations subject to certain contingencies.

COACHING CHANGES—**BRIAN SHANNON** resigned after seven years as basketball coach at Virginia Tech, but will remain as a member of the physical education faculty. **RUD H. AITKIN**, a veteran assistant at Washington State, after 10 years, has been named the University of Montana. **GEOFFREY HILL**, head coach at the Coast Community Academy for two years, goes to the Coast.

DISMISSED—By the National Labor Relations Board, earlier labor practices charges filed against the American League by umpires Al Valente and Bill Valentine. Fined in 1968 for incompetency, they claimed their name in fact dropped last season's umpires.

INFLUENT HORST THE FLAG, the Kentucky Derby favorite, who broke his right hind leg during a workout at Belmont Park, ending his racing career (page 20). Nominations have been set for the Kentucky Derby.

INVALID RHOENIA, which was banned from the 1968 Olympics, because of its racial policies, to take part in the 1972 games in Munich.

REMOVED—The University of South Carolina from the Atlanta, Coast Community, effective April 15, over a disagreement on entrance requirements. The Athletics effect to the fact that the ACC maintains, under rigorous standards, for athletes than NCAA rules require.

SCHULLED A hearing on Muhammad Ali's request for his draft-exemption exemption, for April 19, in the Supreme Court. The one-hour session will be divided between Ali's lawyers and attorneys for the Justice Department.

SIGNED BY AL MCGUIRE, a new free-year contract to transfer his contract to Marquette, ending his playing the way to the New York Knicks.

JOE THE KANSAS Nottam County quarterback, a contract with the Kansas City Chiefs.

CREDITS

26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

FACES IN THE CROWD



ROBY POULIS of Lake Placid, N.Y., co-captain of the St. Lawrence University ski team, won the Alpine combined championship at three major eastern college winter carnivals. He won four straight events at Dartmouth and Williams on route to Middlebury.



PAT TRYON, of North Hills, Del., turned 14 last week to defend his national 13- and under singles badminton title with a 15-4, 15-12 win. He also won two categories of doubles to become the only winner of three titles at the 25th National Junior Tournament.



AMY STEWART, 16, amazed a field of professionals by carding rounds of 71-71-70-71—283 to tie for eighth place at the recent Singapore Open, which she played in her home course. Jimmy, an American citizen, took up golf at the age of five in Miami.



TIM MOORE, a 5'5 1/2 senior at Westerville (Ohio) High, has won the state high school diving championship (one-meter board) for three of the last four years. Last year he took the world age-group title in the Aquatics and placed fifth in the 1971 Men's Nationals.



NANCY HENRY, 11, of Pittsburgh, holds three district and state age-group swimming records for the butterfly: the AAU district in the 100 (1:18.1) and 50 (33.3) and the Pennsylvania YMCA Cadet in the 50 (1:2.1). She also holds 25 age-group pool records.



MAX GAITNER JR., a second baseman at the Little Creek amphibious base in Norfolk, Va., won the Atlantic Fleet and the All-Navy baseball tournaments for the second straight year: the Atlantic final by scores of 21-1, 21-2, the All-Navy title by 21-6, 21-5.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE ESPOSITO SONS

Sirs:

A hearty huzzah for the interesting and illuminating article by Jack Olsen on the Esposito brothers and their devoted parents (*Oh, Brother! A Pair To Watch*, March 29). Being a father myself, I can well understand and duly sympathize with the mixed emotions and loyalties expressed by the Esposito elders. However, with all due respect and admiration for Tony, the goalie supreme, I have concluded that No. 1 son Phil will lead the Boston Bruins in a successful defense of the Stanley Cup against No. 2 son Tony and his Chicago Black Hawks.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Jack Olsen not only captured the unusual relationship between two brothers, but he also showed the incredibly loose attitude of the Boston Bruins. It is a rare thing when a man like Phil Esposito can accomplish so much on the ice and still find time enough to enjoy life away from it. The Bruins prove that a team can be great without an all-work, no-play discipline, and that success can be fun.

BRADLEY STONE

Newbury, Mass.

Sirs:

The Esposito brothers are beautiful, and so was your article on these two great NHL players. My hope is to see the Black Hawks go all the way this year, and with Tony they can do it. Most of the true hockey fans of the Chicago area realize that brother Phil is a tremendous player, but we love Tony Esposito. Come on Hawks and Esposito Tony that is!

LINDA JANOWSKI

Normal, Ill.

Sirs:

Question: "How will Tony stop Phil if the two finest teams in hockey collide again in the Stanley Cup?" Answer: The New York Rangers with Ed Gusman and Co. will capture the cup this season.

ROBERT V. JOHNSON

Remond, Pa.

Sirs:

In your letter from the publisher (March 29), you mention a few of the brother combinations in various sports. However, the National Hockey League must hold the record. There are 15 brother acts now playing in the NHL: Phil and Tony Esposito, Frank and Pete Mahovlich, Dave and Ken Dryden, Mackey and Dick Redmond,

Chico and Wayne Maka, Danny and Kevin O'Shea, Jim and Fred Stanfield, Cliff and Bob Schmautz, Bobby and Dennis Hull, Bill and Keith McCreary, Dennis and Bryan Hextall, Ernie and Bill Hicke, Larry and Wayne Hillman, Ron and Dan Schock and last, but not least, Barclay, Bob and Bill Plager.

ROBERT L. STITSON

Weymouth, Mass.

HOMES OF THE PERRY BOYS

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate Roy Bloom for his article on baseball's Perry brothers (*Renown of the Nations*, March 29). He captured the kind of homelife during boyhood that is needed to make winners—in baseball and in life as well.

Jim and Gaylord Perry are credits to the game, not only because of their achievements on the field but also because of their achievements in the business world.

It was the finest article I have ever read in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

JAMES M. FROEMMING

Eveleth, Minn.

Sirs:

Martin County, N.C., may not have produced many professional athletes, but it certainly has produced two good ones in Jim and Gaylord Perry of Williamson (pop. 7,000). Martin County now seems sure to be a well-known place for travelers to pass through or to stop for a rest at the Holiday Inn. As for the Griffin's Quick Lunch, I practically grew up on the delicious food served there (at 16, I am now 6' 3" and weigh 175 pounds).

ELIJAH BUNTON

Jamesville, N.C.

Sirs:

After reading your article on the Perry brothers, I was very disappointed that you did not mention George Griffin. This man probably did more for the Perry boys than anyone, with the exception of their parents. He carried them to basketball and baseball games during their high school days, he gave them employment during the summer and he advised them. He was also responsible for the excellent barbecue and Brunswick stew banquet.

GERALD GREEN

Laurinburg, N.C.

BOSTON U'S TEA PARTY

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey's article on the NCAA hockey tournament (*America First, B.U. Foremost*, March 29) is more than I can bear. Admittedly, Boston University has a

very fine hockey team with some great talent, particularly defenseman Bob Brown; but to say that B.U. won the tournament "easily" is ridiculous. Led by their brilliant center, Mike Antonovich, the Minnesota Gophers outshot, outskated and outscored B.U. for most of the championship game. Only some fine goaltending by B.U.'s Dan Brady, two unfortunate injuries and some questionable officiating kept the Gophers from defeating "impossible to beat" Boston U.

DAVE VLAH (TZIK)

New Brighton, Minn.

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey writes as though the Boston University hockey team was in a class by itself and that it was only natural that it left Syracuse, N.Y., with the NCAA championship. Still the facts remain: Cornell beat B.U. badly during the regular season and almost beat the Terraces in the ECAC's while playing shorthanded most of the way. And wouldn't it appear that Clarkson should have gone to the championship along with Harvard? After all, they emerged as the two best squads of the ECAC tournament.

Come out of your Boston shell, Mr. Mulvey. There are better hockey teams elsewhere.

CHRIS B. WALLACE

Windsor, Conn.

Sirs:

Thank you for the article on collegiate hockey. It is an upcoming sport which deserves SI's attention.

However, I cannot see the justification for the NCAA selection committee's optional decision to send B.U. to the championships in the place of Clarkson. Clarkson earned its way to the tournament by playing the game where it counts—on the ice, not at the committee table. Should Marquette, with its unbeaten season, have been selected to oppose UCLA in the NCAA basketball championships even though Villanova had won the privilege on the court?

Clarkson's history of fine seasons and fine players as well as its previous tournament victories are proof of its power in ECAC hockey. The Green Machine will be back!

RICHARD B. GRANATRAND

Fort Bragg, N.C.

Sirs:

Congratulations to Mark Mulvey for his fine portrayal of the B.U. hockey team. The article showed what a fine coach Jack Kelley is and served as a climax to an already exciting season. We at B.U. are proud to have an NCAA championship, especially in a sport like hockey which is gaining more

continued



A FRIEND FROM CHATTANOOGA came across this picture of the "White Rabbit" and it reminded us of the early days of Jack Daniel's Distillery.

We recall that back when Mr. Jack was just starting, he had a hard time sending out the whiskey he made. He tried carrying it county to county by wagon, but that took too much of his time. So he opened the "White Rabbit," right in Lynchburg, and sold his product to his neighbors. And that worked fine, until the county went dry. But by then, the railroad had moved in and he was able to ship the whiskey out by rail. While it was open, however, the "White Rabbit" did help make some friends for Mr. Jack's whiskey. Some folks we know have told us they'd like to have a copy of this picture. So we've made up a few extras, in a little bigger size. If you'd like one, write to Mr. Garland Dusenberry, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee. He'll take care of it.



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16TH HOLE *continued*

and more popularity. Since Boston is becoming the hockey capital of America, how appropriate that its finest college team should be the national champion.

RICHARD D'AMORE

Boston

AFTERMATH

Sirs:

In dictionaries of future years the definition of "basketball expert" will have to be changed to read, "Anyone who can remember the last time UCLA's cagers lost an NCAA tournament game" (*A Close One At Last*, April 5).

JOHN DORTMANN

Other City, Calif.

Sirs:

An ode to UCLA.
What a way for the champs to play.
Still ball for nearly half the game.
While Howard and Hank enhanced their Kraft.

To salvage pride from the victor's shame

HAROLD I. GUTMAN

Philadelphia

Sirs:

To those who have been saying that Sadnev Wicks is the single best college basketball player in the country, the facts now speak differently. Granted Wicks is a great player, but matched against a man whose size and agility equaled his own, he was badly outplayed. Howard Porter not only held Wicks to seven points, but he scored 3½ times that many points against this man who is also considered to be the supreme defender. In rebounds the two were about equal.

In any sport a man should be judged not on how he plays against the average opposition, but on how he performs against the best. The best came together in Houston, and Howard Porter won going away. Hats off to Howard Porter and to the entire Villanova team; they were beaten by a great coach, not a better team.

TED S. GROSS

Cape Coral, Fla.

Sirs:

I am the individual who called Gus Griebbe, the TV announcer in Wichita, and told him to forget UCLA because Kansas had the best team (*Don't Forget UCLA*, *the Star-Sand*, March 29). Now that the NCAA final is over, I feel I should be allowed to speak again. UCLA could have been beaten, but it refused to lose. Previous UCLA teams were 'untouchable.' This team is tops because it won.

As for Kansas, let's not take anything away from the Jayhawks' efforts. Next time our boys won't be beaten.

JACK CLEVELAND

Kansas City, Mo.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

No one can forget those Bruins. As a native of Seattle and a Washington Huskie roster who has had those people up to here, I would like to commend Curry Kirkpatrick for his statement that "The Pacific Eight Conference is the strongest college league in the land." Hooray! Finally we got the recognition we deserve.

ROBERT B. WHEMAN

Garden City, Minn.

Sirs:

Question: What do such postseason tournament teams as Fordham, Western Kentucky, Duquesne, St. John's, Providence, St. Bonaventure, South Carolina and Ohio State have in common? Answer: Each was defeated by one of Philadelphia's Big Five.

Which leads me to a trickier question: Whence the contention that the Pacific Eight is the nation's strongest league? I contend that in no other league are more highly ranked teams played, and defeated, than in the Big Five.

JIM CAPOWALE

Broomall, Pa.

LISTENERS

Sirs:

Three cheers for Frank Deford. His comments in praise of Chick Hearn, the voice of the Los Angeles Lakers (TV TALK, March 29), were long overdue. It's too bad the rest of the country can't hear Chick, too. I'm sure others would be as entranced as we are. There was only one flaw in the article: Mr. Deford underrated the Laker color man, Lynn Shackelford. Lynn can hold his own against anyone, even Chick. Unlike other announcers who just drone off box scores, he is very amiable, witty and intelligent. He has done a magnificent job.

ELAINE CHOW

Lynwood, Calif.

Sirs:

I have, on occasion, listened to Los Angeles Laker Broadcaster Chick Hearn's play-by-play work, and he does a fine job indeed. But to Milwaukee Buck listeners, Eddie Doucette is as much a part of the game as an Alcindor stuff shot.

THOMAS BURKE

Eau Claire, Wis.

Sirs:

When it comes to coming basketball phrases, Chick Hearn could not carry Boston Celtic Voice Johnny Most's microphone jack—and Johnny's an owl!

LAURENT RYKICKI

Salem, Mass.

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